

# SAINT PAULS.

APRIL, 1871.

## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

*An Autobiographical Story.*

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," ETC.

---

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I SAW no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing shouldn't be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard.—Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? I couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, I thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever, so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw *him*. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what *he* told me."

"But he doesn't mean *himself*," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I *don't* believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy *couldn't* talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know however that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakspeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of

which I shall attempt to report by-and-by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

---

CHAPTER XX.

## A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakspeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them.

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me, I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprung to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but *I am not*—I know that.



"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw *him*, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried,

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying,

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived, I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday, he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between

the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendour of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvellously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees, and crept forward. A short way farther, the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment, he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said; "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had levelled my gun, I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me?—I would go on my knees to the little bird, if I could, to beg its pardon and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peek of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all, can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything *for certain sure* myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said, "that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be'?" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly thoughtless boy——"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on—

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there *were* a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? I had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley!—Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should I know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might* be?" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was—

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was however this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance, Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapours which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of

castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he that it should be unassailable; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN EXPLOSION.

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question: "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible: if there be a God it must be in and through him that all men live; only if he be not true, then in him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior, from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip.\* Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him—

"There they go—a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar."

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with *you* presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to *you* at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there is no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"If there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle not Mr. Forest was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honour for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it?"



Oh God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now: yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You've been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honour," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honour," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. I never thought of striking back: how should *you*?"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are *so* good, and I am *so* unworthy."

He put his arms round me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then

to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bed-time came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit *him*."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

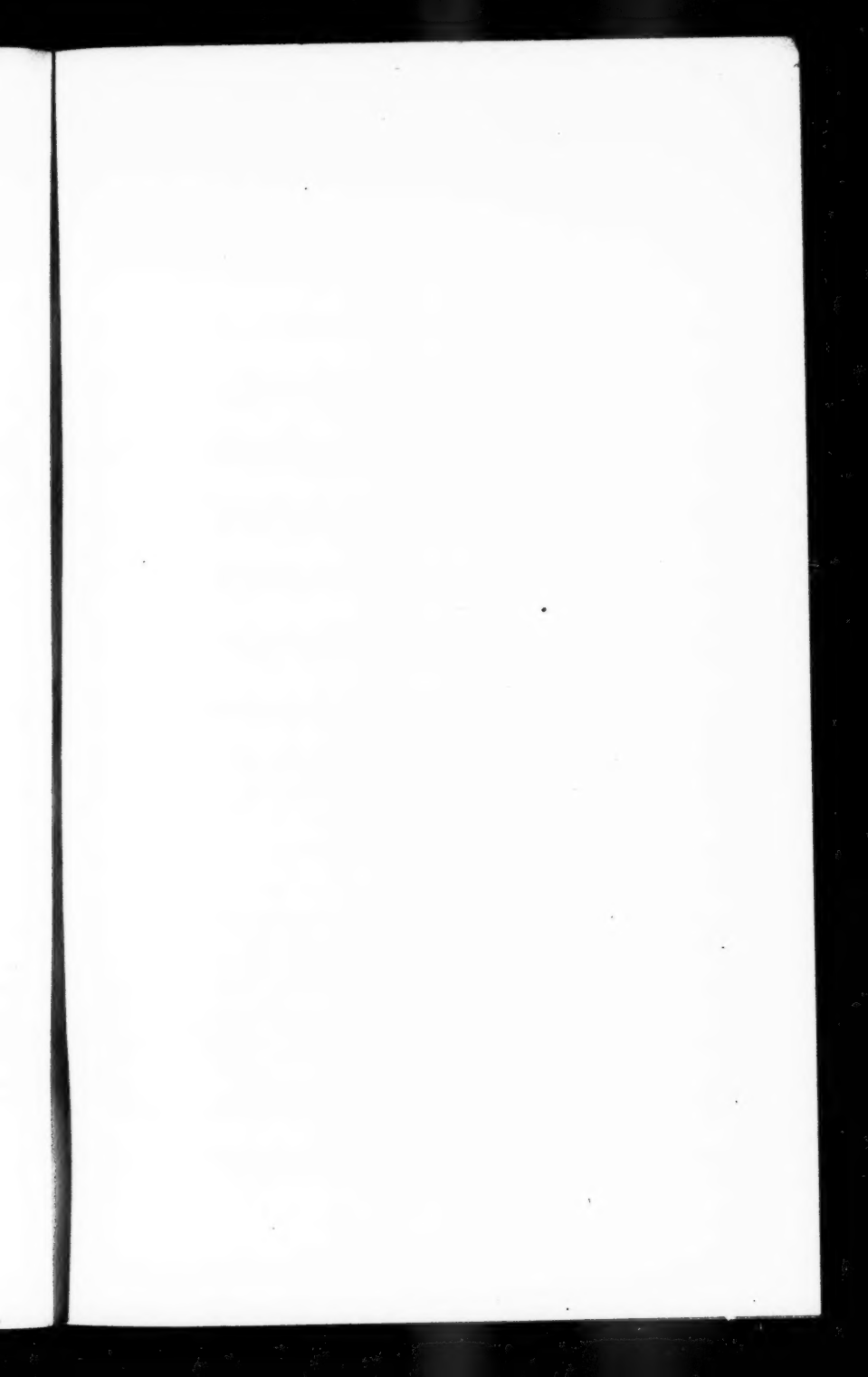
Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley, I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

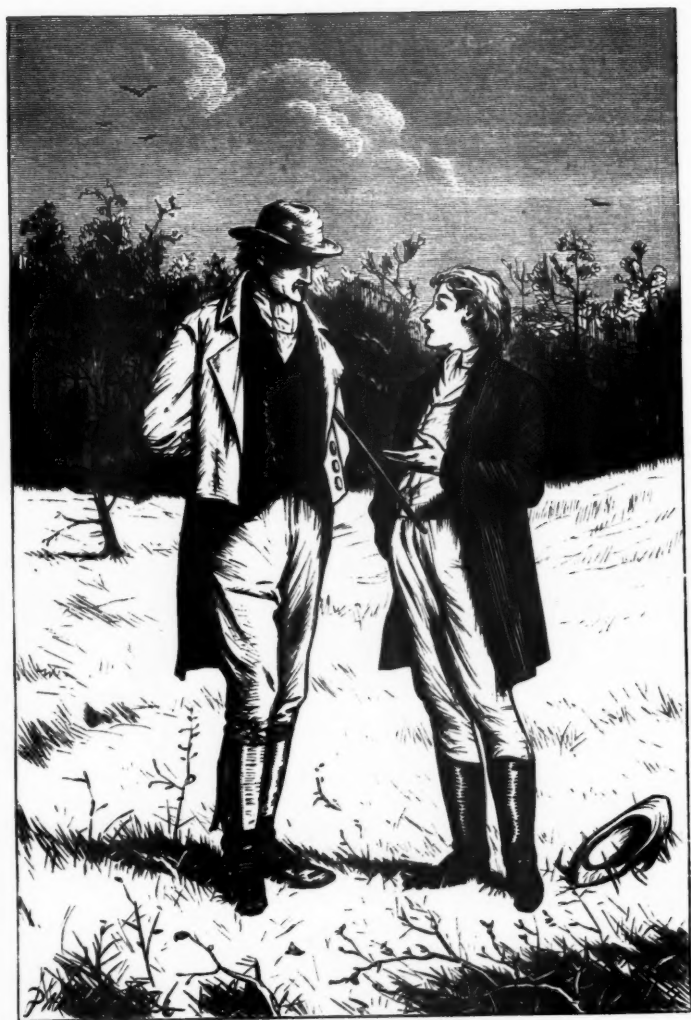
"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It is all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."





"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

---

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature, had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct: if the colouring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes, is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter which I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword: even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether indeed he could have given me any particulars. One day as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that

his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over, and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said; "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth, was cause of great offence, even of open feud, between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But of course when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I too have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling is pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not ill-pleased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eyeing me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work, for years before their own profession begin to show them favour. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favour with which my school-fellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in  
VOL. VIII.

any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behaviour, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had *felt* before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

---



## A MINIATURE SUN.

---

THERE can now\* be seen every evening, towards the west, a brilliant orb, which many take for the Evening Star. Indeed, Venus herself—the true Vesper—when seen under most favourable conditions, scarcely exceeds in brilliancy the pseudo-Vesper which now illumines our evening skies; and, setting aside telescopic aid, even the practised astronomer can only distinguish her from this beautiful orb by a certain faint tinge of yellow which characterises her lustre. The planet which for the nonce usurps her place as the Star of Eve is the giant Jupiter—far more distant than she is both from us and from the sun, and far less brilliantly illuminated, but making up, or nearly so, for both these circumstances by his mighty bulk, and also, as will presently appear, by a peculiar light-giving power, which distinguishes him from the Planet of Love.

I purpose to give a brief account of some of the characteristics of the noblest planet of the solar system, and then to consider certain circumstances which, as I judge, have received far less attention than they deserve. And although in the course of this paper I shall have to refer to several details which I have already dealt with at length in “Other Worlds than Ours,” yet I shall, for the most part, direct the reader’s attention to new matter—in fact, to considerations which have occurred to me, or have been discussed by others, since the second edition of that work was published.

Jupiter is a globe exceeding our earth some twelve hundred times in volume, but made of matter whose average density is so much lighter than the earth’s that his weight exceeds hers but about three hundred times. Let this last point not be misunderstood, however. It can by no means be asserted that the matter composing Jupiter’s globe is lighter—bulk for bulk—than our rocks, or even than our metals. It is only on the average that he is of small density. We may put the matter thus. A globe as large as Jupiter *seems* to be, made of some substance about one-fourth heavier than water—bulk for bulk—would be equal to Jupiter in mass or weight; whereas a globe as large as our earth *is known* to be, would have to be made of a substance more than five times as heavy as water to equal her in mass.

Jupiter is more than five times as far from the sun as our earth is;

\* When this paper appears, however, there will be two Evening Stars—Venus and Jupiter shining with rival lustre in the western sky. The two planets will be quite close to each other on May 12, Jupiter afterwards passing away from Venus westwards.

and, instead of one year, he occupies nearly twelve years in travelling once on his path around the ruling centre of the planetary scheme. As he speeds along his noble orbit he rotates very swiftly; so that, notwithstanding his giant bulk, he turns completely round upon his axis about five times during the interval which this little earth occupies in making two rotations—that is, during two days.

Jupiter is attended by no less than four moons, and these moons seem to be made of even lighter material than the planet itself; for the densest would be much more than outweighed by half its bulk of water. In this respect they differ greatly from our own moon, which would outweigh an equal bulk of water much more than three times.

It seems clear, then, that in the case of Jupiter and his attendant family we have to consider relations differing wholly in character from those presented by our own earth and her satellite, the moon. All that we know certainly about Jupiter invites us to the consideration that he is unlike the earth, insomuch that if the telescope revealed features indicative of resemblance, one would expect that astronomers would look with suspicion on the discovery, or would regard it as something to be explained away. Strangely enough, the exact reverse is the case. The telescope, when applied to Jupiter, shows us nothing which can be compared with any known features of our own earth; yet this circumstance, which seems to accord so well with what has been learned about the bulk, density, and rotation of the planet, and with the known peculiarities of the subordinate system he rules over, has been looked upon as a matter to be accounted for by more or less recondite explanations. Thus it has come to pass that astronomers have traced analogies between Jupiter and the earth, for which, assuredly, it is difficult to find any warrant. We shall presently see what the real teachings of the telescope have been; and I think I shall be able to show that they do not accord in a single respect with any known terrestrial phenomena. But what I desire specially to dwell upon here is the fact that in setting out upon our inquiry we ought not to expect such accordance; that, on the contrary, knowing we have to do with a globe, every one of whose principal characteristics is quite different from the earth's, we ought to anticipate that the details brought to light by the telescope would indicate a corresponding difference.

The most important peculiarity of Jupiter's structure revealed by the telescope is beyond question the existence of belts around his mighty orb. These belts will, of course, not be confounded with the rings of his brother giant, Saturn. The belts are not outside the planet, but on his surface—that is, they are on the surface of the globe *we see*. They may, for anything that is known to the contrary, lie far above his real solid body, supposing he has such a body; but I am speaking now of his appearance. We see him as a disc, and across that disc we see certain bright and dusky belts lying side by

side. We can watch, on some occasions, the motion of irregularities in the belts; and we see these irregularities carried across the planet's disc precisely as they would if attached to his surface and carried round by his rotation upon his axis.

These belts are very wonderful phenomena, and, to say truth, they are worthy of much more study than telescopists have yet given to them. What Schwabe has done for the sun-spots, some astronomer must one day do for Jupiter's belts. He must study the belts persistently, day after day, and year after year, even from the time when Jupiter is first visible as a morning star until, after passing round again to his place as an evening star, the planet is again about to veil himself for a few weeks amid the splendour of the solar beams. I venture to predict that in a few years an observer so working would be prepared to say as Schwabe did when his solar observations were beginning to bear noble fruit—"I set out humbly, like Saul when he went forth to seek his father's asses, and lo! like him, I have discovered a kingdom." And then other labourers would be encouraged to continue the work, as Carrington and De La Rue and Stewart continued Schwabe's work, so that we should begin to know much more than we do at present respecting those laws according to which the belts of Jupiter pass through their various changes.

But even the scattered facts which alone we as yet possess are full of interest and significance.

In the first place, as to the general arrangement of Jupiter's belts. There is commonly a bright belt across the middle of the disc, which goes by the name of the equatorial belt. It has been regarded as analogous to the zone of calms which occupies the earth's equatorial regions; but we shall presently see how little analogy there is between the two. It is usually of a pearly white colour, but not always. On either side of this belt there are commonly two dark belts "of a coppery, ruddy, even purplish tint." Then usually follow several alternate light and dark streaks up to the polar regions of the planet, the dark belts being ruddy, the light intermediate zones yellowish white near the equator, but greyish towards the polar regions. These regions are commonly bluish, the blue colour being sometimes and in some telescopes singularly pronounced.

Now, as respects the details seen in the belts of Jupiter, I could very readily fill many pages of this magazine. But as I am not writing an astronomical treatise, nor specially for astronomers, it would be wholly out of place to discuss at length all the records which observers have left us. I shall therefore select, in such order as seems most likely to serve my present purpose, those peculiarities of the belts which appear to throw the fullest light upon their constitution.

We have been so long accustomed to look upon the belts of Jupiter as due to clouds resembling terrestrial clouds in origin and

behaviour, that it may seem surprising to the reader to be told that if the belts really consist of clouds, these must be wholly unlike any with which our meteorologists are acquainted. Of course the bright belts would be the real cloud-belts, because clouds would reflect a much more brilliant light than the actual surface of the planet. A dark spot in a bright belt would therefore come to be regarded as due to a vast opening in a bed or layer of clouds. Furthermore, a long dark streak across a bright belt would represent a long rift through a cloud-zone. Now we can imagine the existence of a vast zone of clouds all round the earth in certain latitudes, though as a matter of fact it is not likely that any such zone has at any time existed even for a single day. And we can further imagine that a circular opening or a long straight rift might appear in such a zone of clouds, and last for months, although, undoubtedly, we should hear of such a phenomenon with great surprise. If the combined testimony of many travellers informed us, for instance, that from the west of France to the east of Manchooria the weather had been cloudy for several months, save only over a certain space as large as Switzerland, where the weather had been persistently fine, we should certainly regard the information as of a most startling nature. Yet, surprising as it would appear, we can still conceive how plausible explanations might be suggested. But what would be thought if the open space in the clouds travelled steadily and swiftly, for months, over the above-named region; if it were possible to announce, either eastwards or westwards, that fine weather was coming, or cloudy, as the case might be? We certainly cannot conceive that without a total subversion of all known meteorological laws a rift in a great cloud-belt could travel for weeks until it had traversed a continent or, perhaps, the best part of a hemisphere.

Now in the year 1860 a most remarkable phenomenon was discovered by observers of Jupiter. On February 29 of that year, Mr. Long, of Manchester, noticed across a bright belt—that is, across a zone of clouds—an oblique dusky streak. Its position might be compared to that of the Red Sea in a view of the earth, for it ran neither north and south, nor east and west, but rather nearer the former than the latter direction. The length of this dark space—of this rift, that is, in the great cloud-belt—was about ten thousand miles, and its width at the least five hundred miles; so that its superficial extent was much greater than the whole area of Europe. But wonderful as this rift appears when thus regarded, its mere dimensions and its singular position were by no means the most remarkable features it presented. First of all, it remained as a rift certainly until April 10, or for six weeks, and probably much longer. It passed away to the dark side of Jupiter, to return again after the Jovian night to the illuminated hemisphere, during at least a hundred Jovian days; and assuredly nothing in the behaviour of terrestrial clouds affords any analogue of

this remarkable fact. The arrangement of our clouds depends far more directly on the succession of day and night than that of the Jovian clouds would appear to do. But this is far from being all. This great rift *grew*, lengthening out until it stretched across the whole face of the planet. And it grew in a very strange way; for its two ends remained at unchanged distances from the planet's equator, but the one nearest to the equator travelled forwards (speaking with reference to the way in which the planet turns on its axis), the rift thus approaching more and more nearly to an east and west direction. And the rate of this motion was perhaps the most remarkable circumstance of all. I quote the account given by Mr. Baxendell, one of the observers of these strange changes, and one of our most experienced telescopists:—"Since Mr. Long first observed the oblique streak on February 29, it has gradually extended itself in the direction of the planet's rotation, at an average rate of 3,640 miles per day, or 151 miles per hour, the two extremities of the belt remaining constantly on the same parallels of latitude. The belt has also gradually become darker and broader." As pictured on April 9th, the dark rift cannot be estimated at less than a hundred thousand miles in length, or long enough to extend four times around the earth's equator!

The whole behaviour of this dark rift is so totally different from any cloud-phenomena we are acquainted with, as to seem to dispose of the belief that the belts of Jupiter are of like nature with our cloud-regions. The one great point of distinction is this, that in all their phenomena our cloud-regions are found to depend on the action of an external body—the sun—whereas all the changes which took place in the great rift above described, as well as the long duration of the rift as such, imply as clearly as possible that the belts of Jupiter are due to some cause inherent in the planet itself.

But there is one circumstance in the behaviour of this rift which is deserving of special attention. We hear it often stated that the belts of Jupiter and Saturn indicate the existence of trade-winds within the atmospheres of these planets, the more rapid rotation of the planets accounting for the more marked character of their wind-zones. But the way in which the rift shifted in position will serve to tell us whether this view is just or not. Let us remember how the trades and counter-trades come about. An air-current from polar towards equatorial regions seems to travel westwards because—bringing with it the slow rotation-movement of polar regions—it encounters the more rapid (eastward) rotation-movement of equatorial regions. On the contrary, an air-current from equatorial towards polar regions seems to travel eastwards, bringing with it, as it does, the more rapid eastwardly motion of equatorial regions. But both forms of air-current, if we could recognise their course from some distant station outside the earth, would give the effect of a slower motion of rotation of the earth's equatorial regions; for in one case we have air from

the poles falling more and more behind as it approaches the equator, and in the other we have air from the equator moving farther and farther forwards as it approaches the poles.

Now the great rift exhibited the direct reverse of this, for we have seen that the end nearest the planet's equator travelled swiftly forwards.

We may note too in passing how vastly the rate of motion exceeds anything we recognise in the trades or counter-trades. Both these classes of winds are of small velocity, whereas the imagined winds of Jupiter must have rushed along at the rate of 150 miles per hour—a rate three times exceeding that of our swiftest express trains, and far greater than that of any recognised aerial currents. A velocity of 92 miles per hour is indeed equivalent, Sir John Herschel has stated, to a hurricane producing universal desolation, sweeping away buildings, and tearing up trees. Such hurricanes last, too, but for a few hours. But here we have, in the case of Jupiter, winds blowing for six weeks at a stretch (in a direction the direct reverse of that corresponding to the motion of our trade-winds), with a velocity more than two-thirds greater than that of our most desolating hurricanes. Assuredly, if the Jovian hurricanes bear the same relation to these persistent winds that our terrestrial cyclones bear to the trade-winds, then we should have to regard the real storms of Jupiter as holding a place midway between terrestrial storms and those solar cyclones of which the spectroscope has given us such startling intelligence.

But, being thus led to compare the Jovian with the solar cyclones, a circumstance which really does seem to bring the two orders of phenomena into somewhat intimate association attracts our notice. The solar spots do not pass round the sun with a uniform rotational movement—that is, they are not carried round as a country, island, or sea on our own earth is carried round by her rotation. Spots near the sun's equator travel faster than spots nearer the poles. Nor is the difference of rate by any means slight. Carrington—our great authority on this matter—has shown that a point on the sun's equator is carried round in four days less time than a point midway between the equator and the southern pole. A point on the equator would go once round and a sixth (or gain no less than 430,000 miles), while the point towards the south would make but one circuit (or in four weeks). Now this velocity of advance is equivalent to no less than 637 miles per hour, or is more than four times as great as even that swift advance which Baxendell had noted in the case of the equatorial end of the great Jovian rift. The significant fact is, however, that, both in the case of Jupiter and in that of the sun, we find the equatorial parts of the atmosphere travelling with a far swifter rotational movement than the other portions—that is, not merely moving more swiftly on account of the greater circles they describe, but performing their circuit in a shorter space of time.

It certainly seems not unreasonable to infer that this feature of

resemblance implies some real resemblance of condition between the two globes. If, taken alone, the peculiarity will not suffice to justify such a conclusion; yet, when it is remembered that there is a mass of evidence pointing the same way, so clearly as seemingly not to require any additional testimony, then the strange facts above recorded will assuredly seem to admit of but one interpretation. I would not, indeed, assert that as respects details we can at present interpret them at all. But this general conclusion, I think, is forced upon us—that the phenomena of Jupiter's belts are wholly distinct in origin and progress from any which terrestrial meteorology brings under our notice; that they are not primarily due to solar action, but to forces inherent in the planet; and that to some extent such forces resemble those which are at work in the solar atmosphere.

On this last point we have recently received some singular information, which, though by no means demonstrative, seems certainly to suggest relations of a very unexpected nature.

During the last two years the planet Jupiter has presented an extraordinary appearance. The great equatorial belt, which is usually white, has been sometimes ruddy, sometimes orange, then coppery, ochreish, greenish yellow, and in fact has passed through a number of hues, mostly tints of red and yellow; but has at no time, so far as observation has shown, exhibited what may be called its normal tint. Then, again, this belt, and the two belts on either side of it, have changed very rapidly in form; great dark projections have been flung (I speak always of appearances) into the great equatorial belt, which has thus seemed at times to be divided into a number of ovals. The whole aspect of the planet has suggested the idea that mighty processes are at work, tending to modify in a most remarkable manner the condition of the planet's atmospheric envelope. We have this on the evidence of many skilful observers, including Mr. Browning, the optician (who first called the attention of astronomers to this unwonted state of things), Mr. Webb, and many others, whose opinion on observational matters there is no gainsaying.

Now, it certainly is a remarkable circumstance that at the very time when Jupiter has been thus disturbed, the solar atmospheric envelope has also been subject to an exceptional degree of disturbance. As most of my readers know, the face of the sun has been marked by many spots during the last twenty or thirty months; some of these spots have been of enormous magnitude, even so large as to be clearly visible to the naked eye, and the spots have been of such a nature, so long-lasting, and so variable in figure, as to imply the action of long-continued processes of disturbance acting with extraordinary violence. It may seem at first that the very circumstances of the case should prevent us from tracing any connection whatever between the solar disturbances and that which seems to be taking place in the atmospheric envelope of Jupiter. Two orbs separated, as the sun and Jupiter are, by an interval of about four hundred and fifty millions of



miles, cannot be simultaneously affected, it would seem, by any disturbing forces. Nay, more; it seems so reasonable to infer that both in the case of Jupiter and of the sun, the forces at work to produce change lie far beneath the atmospheric envelope of either planet, that the idea appears at once disposed of that these forces can operate simultaneously, except by mere coincidence.

Yet such considerations have not prevented thoughtful men from examining a little further into the observed correspondence. The true man of science is seldom inclined to say either "this or that must be so," or "this or that cannot be so." His rule rather is to see whether the imagined relation has a real existence, to compare fact with fact, until the reality of the relation is established or confuted. Mr. Browning and others have not been deterred by the seeming improbability of any connection between Jovian and solar disturbances from following out this excellent plan. Professor Herschel, referring to Mr. Browning's examination of this subject, writes (to him):—"I see that you are raising very interesting questions about the appearance of Jupiter's belts, which may lead to very important results if it is found that the coloured and disturbed appearances of the belts are subject to periodical maxima and minima at about the same time as those of the spots in the sun." He then gives the following interesting account of the appearance presented by the planet in January, 1860, when the sun was passing through another of those periods of great disturbance indicated by the frequency of spots:—"On a fine night in January, 1860," he says, "I turned Mr. Pritchard's 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch equatorial, by Cooke, for about half an hour on Jupiter. The planet was so well defined, and the details of the markings on the equatorial belt were so peculiar, that I made a sketch of them, noting at the same time the remarkable brown colour of the equatorial belt. One of the edges of the belt (I think the southern) was beaded or divided into egg-shaped masses, which must have been of brighter or lighter colour than the background of the belt, to have given them so much prominence."

On this, Mr. Browning remarks, that three days before he received Professor Herschel's letter, or on January 7th, he made "a careful coloured drawing of the planet, and the description given by Professor Herschel of the appearance of the coloured belt in January, 1860, would apply exactly to the appearance of the belt in this drawing."

It may be well, also, to compare the account given by Mr. Webb of the appearance of the planet in November, 1869, when the disturbances now apparently going on had probably but lately begun. "The southern portion of the equatorial zone," he writes, "was so progressively toned down into shadow from the north as to give the impression of a hollow lighted obliquely in the opposite direction; yellow spaces being enclosed by elliptical arches above, and similarly-shaped festoons below, being most luminous in their upper part, and being shaded off into the festoons beneath, received the opposite

effect  
soid  
chan  
know  
plac  
boss  
soft  
effor

M  
he  
com  
reco  
dou  
star  
atm  
syn

M  
to  
Per  
spo  
the  
and  
ima  
the  
cor  
eve  
exi  
mo  
far  
Ca  
ren  
en  
fro  
th  
as

th  
as  
w  
si  
h  
th  
v  
la  
a

a



effect of actual convexity. The illusion was remarkable; solid ellipsoids seemed to stand out of, or be freely suspended in, a depressed channel; or it might be compared to a modification of the moulding known as 'bead and hollow' in architecture—a broad concavity placed horizontally, studded along its upper half with longitudinal bosses almost like backs of spoons, and illuminated with an oblique soft half-light. So singular was the deception that it required an effort of the judgment to rectify the mistaken conviction of the sight."

Mr. Ranyard, favourably known in scientific circles for the courtesy he displayed as one of the honorary secretaries of the organising committee for the late eclipse expeditions, has examined all the records of past observations which were available (though more will, doubtless, now be looked up); and his results seem to confirm the startling theory that Jupiter's atmosphere sympathises with the solar atmosphere, in so far that periods of disturbance in one seem to synchronise with periods of disturbance in the other.

Now what sort of disturbances should these be, which thus appear to affect simultaneously two orbs separated by so vast a distance? Perhaps, if we inquire into the laws according to which the solar spots seem associated with the planetary motions, we may recognise the nature of the action which, in a sense, encourages solar disturbance. But as yet this is by no means so simple a matter as many imagine. It is very commonly stated in books on astronomy that the periods when the sun's face shows the greatest number of spots correspond with the period when Jupiter is nearest to the sun; and even so careful a writer as Amédée Guillemin has stated that "there exists a certain correlation between the proximity of Jupiter and the most numerous apparitions of sun-spots." But this correlation is so far from being established, that in the very picture (borrowed from Carrington's noble work on the sun) which illustrates Guillemin's remarks, there are shown no less than eight successive correspondences between the *greatest* distances of the planet and the greatest frequency of sun-spots; and Carrington himself dwells rather on this relation than on the converse relation so commonly referred to as "an established fact."

What, however, we may fairly accept as at least probable is *this*, that the planets influence the sun's atmospheric envelope in some as yet unexplained manner, and that Jupiter has a large share in the work; while, also, it seems shown that whenever Jupiter is so situated as to be at work most effectively in disturbing the sun, then he is himself most disturbed. Precisely as, if the moon had oceans, the tides raised in those oceans by the earth would be largest at the very time when the tides raised by the moon in *our* oceans were largest; so, also, the action of Jupiter on the sun and the sun's action on Jupiter would seem to wax and wane together.

But we are thus brought to regard Jupiter as himself in some sort a sun. He seems certainly to be subject to processes of disturbance.

comparable with those by which the sun is affected. There is assuredly nothing in the meteorology of our own earth comparable with the association we have been considering above. From no station in the solar system would our earth, watched by assiduous observers, be found to present changes of appearance synchronising with the solar disturbances. Nor, again, would the progress of any changes, apart from those due to the seasons, indicate any influence due to her greater or less proximity to the sun as she circuits her orbit.

If the conception shall appear startling that Jupiter is the scene of some violent forms of action resembling, only much less violent, the processes at work in the sun, yet let it be remembered that there is much in the appearance of Jupiter which cannot readily be otherwise explained. It is very well to compare his belts, for instance, with our wind-zones—our trade and counter-trade regions. Such an explanation sounds highly plausible; and it has so long passed current, that we are apt to forget the circumstance that we have not a particle of evidence in its favour. To get trade-winds or counter-trade-winds, we require currents of air travelling, in the first place, north and south, or nearly so; and again, to get such currents we require great differences of temperature, resulting in great disturbances of atmospheric equilibrium. The intense heat of our equatorial and tropical regions may well be understood to cause an indraught of cooler air from regions a thousand miles or so nearer the poles. But if a distance of ten thousand miles and more separated the cooler from the more heated regions, the indraught would be very much feebler. If we had two coiled springs, one a foot long and the other ten feet long, it is clear that a compression by some given amount—say one inch—would affect the shorter very much more than the longer; and, *mutatis mutandis*, the above-considered differences of temperature are very fairly illustrated by this relation. Now, Jupiter being more than ten times greater in all his linear dimensions than the earth, it is clear that we must have just such a diminution of all those effects of indraught or overflow by which we explain our own trade and counter-trade-winds. He rotates more swiftly, it is true; but against this may fairly be set the fact that he is five times farther from the sun, and (if other things are equal) must needs receive but a twenty-fifth part of the heat which, falling on the earth, rouses our winds into action. It seems to me amazing that, under these circumstances, the sun should ever have been regarded as the exciting cause of those processes which shape the atmospheric envelope of Jupiter into the bright and dusky zones.

The explanation *obviously* suggested (not necessarily, however, the correct one) is, that the formation of the belts of Jupiter is due to the violent uprush of vapours from vast depths below his visible surface. For vapours thus flung upwards, coming as they would from regions nearer to Jupiter's centre, and therefore moving more slowly,

to regions farther away, and therefore moving more rapidly (precisely as the rim of a wheel moves more rapidly than the middle of a spoke), would be left behind, and, as seen from a distant station, would form a trail, so to speak, lying, as the belts do, parallel to the planet's equator. Nor are we without evidence of the action of some such eruptive forces as are here suggested. For white spots, spoken of by the observers as specks, yet two or three thousand miles across at the least, have been seen from time to time, and but for a time, upon the belts; and these can in no way be interpreted so readily as by supposing them due to explosive action casting up enormous masses of vapour into the higher regions of Jupiter's atmosphere.

Before concluding, I would remind the reader that the evidence here adduced is altogether independent of that which I have brought forward elsewhere. I have shown in my "Other Worlds," (1) that the equatorial bright belts both of Jupiter and Saturn are in no sense comparable with our zone of calms or *doldrums*, being persistently equatorial, whereas our zone of calms travels far to the north of the equator in summer, and far to the south in winter; (2) that the amount of light received from Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus is very far in excess of the amount due to the size and position of these orbs—a fact suggesting the theory that a portion of their light is inherent; and (3) that we have evidence of a very strong, nay, all but irresistible nature, to show that even the seeming *figures* of Jupiter and Saturn are liable to change. These and other remarkable circumstances recognised by astronomers, combined with the evidence adduced above, and the striking resemblance of the outer planets to the sun in the matter of mean density, do certainly seem to suggest in a very forcible manner that these outer planets are in a condition very different from that of our own earth; and though it may be going too far to say that they are actually minor or subordinate suns, yet such a view seems likely to be nearer to the truth than that which regards them as habitable worlds like our own.

Regarding Jupiter in this way, we need by no means consider that he is never to be inhabited. The processes we see at work out yonder may be fitting him for the support of myriads of races of living creatures. For anything we know to the contrary, he may be passing through stages which our own earth has long since passed through. In his case the processes of change may take up more time, indeed, but this is fitting when the vastness of his bulk is considered. For it must not be forgotten that light though his substance may be on the average, he has in him the materials for 300 globes such as our earth; that out of his substance every other planet now existing in the solar system might be fashioned, and yet abundant matter be left for making other worlds; that, in fine, in whatever condition he subsists now, or at any future time, he must always be the noblest of all the members of the sun's family.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

## THE SONG OF ROLAND.

[BEFORE the battle of Hastings, Taillefer, a famous Norman minstrel and champion, advanced on horseback in front of the invading host, and tossing his sword in the air, caught it again as he galloped forward to the charge, and gave the signal for onset by singing *The Song of Roland*, that renowned nephew of Charlemagne's of whom (Sir Walter Scott says) romance tells us so much and history so little.

The following poem is a literal translation from the Basque. It was found by La Tour d'Auvergne, in 1794, in a convent of Font Arabia, and is still preserved among the mountaineers of the Pyrenees, under many variations. It commemorates the combat at the defile of Roncesvalles (here called Altibicar), spoken of by Dante as "*la dolorosa rotta*,"\* where, through the treachery of Ganelon, 30,000 brave Gauls, under the command of Charlemagne, were slaughtered, and where Roland fell. There is a savage grandeur in the simplicity, not without art, with which the numbers of the foe, so carelessly reckoned at the opening of the poem, are counted downwards at its close. It gives the gloomy and ominous effect of a muffled drum, or the measured, backward tread of a great multitude.

This song was imitated in 1803 by Alexandre Duval, with a reference to events then passing.

*"Combien sont-ils ? combien sont-ils ?  
C'est le cri du soldat sans gloire.  
Le héros cherche les périls ;  
Sans le péril qu'est la victoire ?  
Ayons tous, O braves amis,  
De Roland l'âme noble et fière ;  
Il ne comptait ses ennemis  
Qu'étendus morts sur la poussière."*]

A cry comes from the hills of the Escualdunachi ; the Basque gets up, stands before his door, listens, and says, "*Who comes here ? What do they want with me ?*"

And the dog, who is asleep at his master's feet, is roused, and barks till all the mountains of Altibicar resound.

The noise draws nearer ; it comes from the hills of Ibaneta, cleaving the rocks from right to left ; it is the dull roar of an advancing army. Our people have already given it answer from the heights ; they have blown their horns of buffalo, and the Basque is sharpening his arrows.

"They are coming ! they are coming, oh ; what a forest of lances ! What waving of many-coloured banners in the midst of them ! What a flash of gleaming steel ! How many of them are there ? Count them, my boy ; count them well."

\* *Inferno*, canto 31.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, and thousands more."

"*It is but losing time to count them; let us join our strong arms; let us tear out our rocks and hurl them down upon their heads; let us crush them; let us kill.*"

*What business have these men from the north among our mountains? Why should they come to trouble our peace? When God made the mountains, He did not mean them to be overpassed by men.*

Then, the rocks loosened, rush down of their own accord; they fall upon the troops beneath; blood flows, limbs quiver. Oh, what a heap of broken bones! What a sea of blood is there!

Roland lifts the Olifant\* to his mouth, and blows it with all his might. The mountains around him are lofty, but high above them the sound of the horn arises; it reverberates from hill to hill.

Charles hears it, and his companions hear it too. "*Ah,*" says the king, "*our people are now fighting.*" But Ganelon (the traitor) makes answer—"Had any other said so, he would have been set down at once as a liar."

Alas for Roland! *with great force, with great effort, with great pain,* he blows the horn again! Blood flows from his mouth; his head is cloven; still the sound of the horn is carried to a great distance.

Charles hears it just at the moment of his landing; the Duke Naismo hears it, as well as all the French.

"*Ah,*" says the king, "*I hear the horn of Roland! I know he would not blow it if he were not overtaken by the enemy.*" But Ganelon again makes answer, "*The sound has nothing to do with fighting. We know the pride of the Count. He is only jousting with his peers; let us mount and ride onwards; why should we delay to set forth? we have yet a long road before us.*"

But now blood flows faster from the lips of Roland; his brains are bursting from his skull, yet once more he tries to wind his horn. Charles hears it, and the French, his followers, hear it too. "*Ah,*" he says, he and the Duke of Naismo, "*this horn hath a lengthened sound! Barons! My heart smites me, they are fighting now, I swear it by God! Let us go back; call the bands together, and let us go to the help of our perishing friends.*"

Charles bids the trumpets sound. The French come down upon us, clad in mail of steel. The hills are lofty, the darkness thick, the valleys deep, the descents rugged! Before the army and behind it the trumpets bray. King Charles is troubled, as he spurs onwards;

\* The famous horn (so named) of Roland, of which Turpin reports, that its sound was heard by Charlemagne at the distance of eight miles.

his white beard shakes upon his breast. Too late! Run, run for it, ye who have yet strength or a horse left. Run, King Charles, with thy plume of black feathers and thy scarlet cloak, run! Thy nephew, thy pride, thy beloved, has bitten the dust below thee; he was brave, but it has brought him little profit.\*

And now, Escualdunachi, let us leave the cliffs, let us go down quickly and let fly our arrows at the flying. See how they run! they run! Where is now the forest of lances? Where the many-coloured banners waving in the midst of them? No more flashing of their armour, it is too deeply stained with blood! *How many of them are there?* Count them well, my boy—count them. "Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,—*One! no, there is not one!* mountaineers, it is all over." Go home quietly with your dog, kiss your wife and children, scour your arrows, and hang them up beside the horn of buffalo; then lie down, and sleep upon it all.

In the night the vultures will come down to feast upon their mangled flesh, and their bones will lie there, and be white for ever.

DORA GREENWELL.

\* We must remember that this is the composition of one hostile both to Charlemagne and Roland, the elect heroic pair, the sight of whose companionship in Paradise made Dante glad.

"E al nome 'dell' alto Maccabeo  
Vide movere un altro roteando  
E' letizia era dal paleo  
Cosi per Carlo-magno ed Orlando."

The name of the great Paladin is honoured, however, not only among the Pyrenees, but in many fragments of Spanish songs, one of which is thus concluded: "Oh, Orlando! hast thou commended, hast thou commended thy soul to God? We have beheld thee, and whoever saw thee in battle, felt himself sweat with fear! Well we know that thou didst slay thy thousands, both among the Moors and our own people. Bernardo, however, thou didst not slay. *Shall those be vanquished, Roland, thunderbolt of war? Honour to the brave, of whatever country! No, Roland, thou shalt be slain, but never vanquished!*"

## HANNAH.

J. Stiel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

---

### CHAPTER IV.

It is a mistake to take for granted, as in books and life we perpetually do, that people must always remain the same. On the contrary, most people are constantly changing—growing, let us hope, but still changing—in character, feelings, opinions. If we took this into account we should often be less harsh to judge; less piteously misjudged ourselves. For instance, we resolve always to love our friend and hate our enemy; but our friend may prove false, and our enemy kind and good. What are we then to do? To go on loving and hating as before? I fear we cannot. We must accept things as they stand, and act accordingly. Or—and this is a common case—we may ourselves once have had certain faults, which we afterwards had sense to see and correct; yet those who knew us in our faulty days will never believe this, and go on condemning us for ever—which is a little hard. And again, we may have started honestly on a certain course, and declared openly certain opinions or intentions, which we afterwards see cause to modify, or even to renounce entirely. Time and circumstance have so altered us that we are obliged to give our old selves the lie direct, or else to be untrue to our present selves. In short, we must just retract, in act or word, boldly or weakly, nobly or ignobly, as our natures allow. And though we have been perfectly sincere throughout, the chances are that no one will believe us; we shall be stamped as hypocrites, renegades, or deep designing schemers, to the end of our days. This, too, is hard; and it takes a strong heart and a clear conscience to bear it.

When Hannah Thelluson consented to come to her brother-in-law's house, and he thankfully opened to her its dreary doors, they were two most sorrowful people, who yet meant to make the best of their sorrow, and of one another, so as to be a mutual comfort, if possible. At least this was her intent; he probably had no intent at all beyond the mere relief of the moment. Men—and young men—seldom look ahead as women do.

Now, two people living under the same roof and greatly dependent upon one another, seldom remain long in a state of indifference;

they take either to loving or hating; and these two, being both of them good people, though so very different in character, were not likely to do the latter. Besides, they stood in that relation which of all others most attracts regard, of reciprocally doing good and being done good to. They shared one another's burthens, and gave one another help. Consequently the burthens lightened, and the help increased, every day that they resided together.

Their life was very equable, quiet, and, at first, rather dull. Of course, the widower did not visit, or receive visitors. Occasional family dinners at the Moat-House, and a few morning calls, received and paid, were all that Hannah saw of Easterham society. She had the large handsome house entirely to herself, often from morning to night; for gradually Mr. Rivers went back to his parish duties, which he once used most creditably to fulfil. Consequently, instead of hanging about the house all day, he was frequently absent till dinner-time. This was a great source of satisfaction to Miss Thelluson; at first—let the honest truth be told—because she was heartily glad to get rid of him; by-and-by from sincere pleasure at the good it did him.

"Work always comforts a man," she said to herself, when she saw him come in, fresh from battling with rain and wind, or eager to secure her help and sympathy in some case of distress in the parish, his handsome face looking ten years younger, and his listless manner gaining energy and decision.

"You were right, Aunt Hannah," he would often say, with an earnest thoughtfulness, that was yet not exactly sadness. "To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered oneself. I shall be a better parson now than I used to be, I hope. On week-days certainly, and perhaps even on Sundays, if you will continue to look over my sermons."

Which, people began to say, were much better than they used to be, and Hannah herself thought so too. She always read them, and, after a while, criticised them, pretty sharply and fearlessly, every Saturday night. On other nights she got her brother-in-law into the habit of reading aloud; first, because it was much the easiest way of passing the evening,—and after being out all day he absolutely refused to go out again, lessening even his visits to the Moat-House whenever he could;—secondly, because soon she came to like it very much. It was like falling into a dream of peace, to sit sewing at Rosie's little clothes (for Aunt Hannah did all she could for her darling with her own hands), silent—she always loved silence—yet listening to Mr. Rivers's pleasant voice, and thinking over, quietly to herself, what he was reading. In this way, during the first three months, they got through a quantity of books, both of prose and poetry, and had grown familiar enough now and then to lay the books down, and take to arguments; quarrelling fiercely at times, until either became accustomed to the



other's way of thinking, and avoided warlike topics, or fought so honourably and well, that the battles ended in mutual respect, and very often in a fit of mutual laughter.

It may be a dreadful thing to confess, but they did laugh sometimes. Ay, even with the moonlight sleeping, or the white snow falling, on Rosa's grave a mile off—Rosa who was with the angels smiling in the eternal smile of God. These others, left behind to do their mortal work, were not always miserable. Rosie began the change, by growing every day more charming, more interesting, more curious, in her funny little ways, every one of which aunt retailed to papa when he came home, as if there had never been such a wonderful baby in any house before.

A baby in the house. Does anybody fully know what that is till he—no, she—has tried it?

Hannah did not. Fond as she was of children, and well accustomed to them, they were all other people's children. This one was her own. On her alone depended the little human soul and human body for everything in life—everything that could make it grow up to itself and the world, a blessing or a curse. A solemn way of viewing things, perhaps; but Hannah was a solemn-minded woman. She erred, anyhow, on the right side. This was the "duty" half of her new existence; the other half was joy—wholly joy.

A child in the house. Say rather an angel; for, I think, heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares. Rosie was, to other people besides her aunt, a very remarkable child—wonderfully sweet, and yet brave even as a baby. She never cried for pain or fretfulness, though she sometimes did for passion; and for sorrow—a strange, contrite, grown-up kind of sorrow—whenever she did anything the least wrong, which was very seldom. She was usually a perfect sunbeam of brightness, wholesomeness, and content. Her delicacy and fragility, which were only that of a flower reared up in darkness, and recovering its healthy colours as soon as ever it is brought into the sun, soon became among the things that had been. Not a child in all Easterham seemed more likely to thrive than Rosie Rivers; and everybody, even at the Moat-House, now acknowledged this, to Miss Thelluson's great glory and delight. Grace's also—unto whom much credit was owing.

Hannah had taken her rather rashly, perhaps—wise people sometimes do, upon instinct, rather rash things. She thought so herself when one day, accidentally asking Grace some apparently trivial question, the girl burst into tears, confessed that she was a married woman, and her husband had run away from her. "But I was married, indeed I was, and his sisters know it!" Which the sisters, who were in fact sisters-in-law, resolutely confirmed; but no more facts could be gained. Nor did Hannah like to inquire

having a feeling that poor women's miseries were as sacred as rich ones. It was an unwelcome discovery—a nurse with a living and, probably, scapegrace husband might prove very inconvenient; still, she had grown fond of the girl, who was passionately devoted to Rosie.

"For Rosie's sake I must keep her, if possible; and for her own sake, poor thing, I cannot bear to send her away. What must I do?"

Rosie's father, to whom she thus appealed—for, despite what he had said, she persistently consulted him in everything—answered decisively, "Let her stay." So Grace stayed. But Miss Thelluson insisted that she should no longer pass under false colours, but be called Mrs. Dixon; and, finding she had no wedding-ring—her husband, she declared, had torn it from her finger the day he left her—Hannah took the trouble to buy her a new one, and insisted upon her wearing it, saying, "She hated all deceits of every kind." Upon which Grace looked up to her with such grateful, innocent eyes, that, Quixotic as her conduct might appear to some people—it did at the Moat-House, where the girls laughed at her immoderately—she felt sure the story was true, and that she should never repent having thus acted.

This was the only incident of the winter, and as week after week passed by, and nothing ill came of it, no runaway husband ever appeared, and poor Grace brightened into the tenderest nurse, the most faithful servant, hardly thinking she could do enough for her mistress and the child, Hannah ceased to think of it, or of anything unpleasant, so busy and contented was she.

More than content—that she had always been—actually happy. True, she had thought her May-time wholly past; but now, as spring began to waken, as she and Rosie began to gather primroses in the garden and daisies in the lanes, it seemed to her as if her youth had come back again. Youth, fresh and full, added to all the experience, the satisfied enjoyment, of middle age. They were like two babies together, she and Rosie, all through this, Rosie's first earthly spring. They crawled together on the sunny grass-plot; they played bo-peep round the oak-tree; they investigated with the deepest interest every new green leaf, and flower, and insect; for she tried to make her child like the Child in the Story without an End—a companion and friend to all living things. And Rosie, by the time she was eighteen months old, with her sweetness, intelligence, and the mysterious way the baby-soul opened out to the wonders and beauty of this our world, had taught her Aunt Hannah quite as much as Aunt Hannah had taught her, and become even a greater blessing than the blessings she received.

"It is all the child's doing," Hannah said, laughing and blushing, one day, when Mr. Rivers came suddenly in, and found her dancing

through the hall with Rosie in her arms, and singing too, at the top of her voice. "She is the sunbeam of the house. Every servant in it spoils her, and serves her like a little queen. As for me, auntie makes a goose of herself every hour in the day. Doesn't she Rosie? At her time of life, too!"

"What is your time of life? for I really don't know," said Mr. Rivers smiling. "Sometimes you look quite young, and then, again, I fancy you must be fully as old as I am."

"Older. Thirty-one."

"Well, I am thirty; so when you die of old age I shall begin to quake. But tell her not to die, Rosie." And a sad look came across his face, as it still often did. Hannah knew what it meant. "Bid her live, and take care of us both. What in the wide world should we two do without Aunt Hannah!"

And Rosie, with that chance instinct of babyhood, often so touching, patted with her tiny soft hand her aunt's cheek, saying, wooingly, "Nice Tannie, pitty Tannie,"—which had been her first wild attempt at "Aunt Hannah."

"Tannie,"—the name clung to her already, as baby pet-names always do—pressed the little breast to hers in a passion of delight and content, knowing that there was not a creature in the world—no woman certainly—to come between her and her child. *Her* child! Twenty mothers, she sometimes thought,

"Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up the sum"

of that she felt for her motherless darling.

The father stood and watched them both. As Rosie grew older and more winning, he began to take more notice of his little girl, at least when Aunt Hannah was present to mount guard over her, and keep her good and quiet.

"You look quite a picture, you two, Hannah!" (he sometimes called her "Hannah" without the "Aunt.") "You must be excessively fond of that child?"

She laughed; a low, soft, happy laugh. Her feeling for little Rosie was a thing she could not talk about. Besides, its sacredness had a double root, as it were; and one root was in the dead mother's grave.

"The little thing seems very fond of you too, as well she may be," continued Mr. Rivers. "I trust she may yet repay you for all your love. I hope—I earnestly hope—that you and she may never be parted."

A natural thought, accidentally expressed. Hannah said to herself over and over again, that it must have been purely accidental, and meant nothing; yet it shot through her like a bolt of ice. Was there a chance, the dimmest, remotest chance, that she and the child

might be parted? Did he, now that the twelvemonth of mourning had expired, contemplate marrying again,—as Lady Dunsmore had foretold he would. Indeed, in a letter lately—for she still wrote sometimes, and would by no means lose sight of her former governess—the Countess had put the direct question, at which Miss Thelluson had only smiled.

Now, she did not smile. She felt actually uneasy. She ran rapidly over, in her mind, all the young ladies he had seen or mentioned lately—very few; and he seemed to have no interest in any. Still, there might be some one whom she had never heard of: and if so, if he married again, would he require her—of course he would!—to quit the House on the Hill, and leave behind his little daughter?

"I could not! No! I will not," thought she. And after the one cold shiver came a hot thrill, of something more like fierceness than her quiet nature had known for long. "To expect me to give up my child. It would be cruel, barbarous!" And then came a sudden frantic idea of snatching up Rosie in her arms and running away with her, anyhow, anywhere, so as to hide her from her father. "I shall do it—I know I shall! if he drives me to it. He had better not try!"

And hot tears dropped on the little white night-gown which Aunt Hannah was vainly endeavouring to tie. It was Sunday night; and she always sent Grace to church and put the child to bed herself of Sundays. Bitter, miserable tears they were too, but only on account of the child. Nothing more. Afterwards, when she recalled them, and what had produced them, this first uneasy fear which had shot across the calm heaven of her life,—a heavenly life it had grown to be since she had the child,—Hannah felt certain that she could have looked the child's angel, or its mother, in the face; and declared positively they were nothing more.

But the notion of having to part from Rosie, under the only circumstances in which that parting was natural and probable, having once entered her mind, lurked there uneasily, troubling often the happy hours she spent with her darling; for the aunt, wholly engrossed with her charge, had her with her more than most mothers, with whom their children's father holds rightly the first place. Nevertheless, Miss Thelluson did her duty most satisfactorily by her brother-in-law; whenever papa wanted auntie, little Rosie was remorselessly sent away, even though auntie's heart followed her longingly all the while. But she had already learnt her lesson—she never allowed the child to be a trouble to the father.

"Not one man in a thousand cares to be troubled about anything, you may depend upon that," she said one day gaily to the second Miss Rivers, who was now about to be married.

"Who taught you that? my brother? Well, you must have had

plenty of experience of him, faults and all ; almost as much as his wife had," said the sister sarcastically, which made Hannah rather sorry that she had unwittingly betrayed the results of her year's experience at the House on the Hill.

Yes ; she knew her brother-in-law pretty well by this time—all his weaknesses, all his virtues ; better, he told her, and she believed it, than his own sisters knew him. He was so unlike them in character, tastes, and feelings, that she had now ceased to wonder why he chose none of them to live with him and Rosie, but preferred rather his wife's sister, who might a little resemble his wife, as Hannah sometimes vaguely wished she did.

More especially, when the approaching marriage forced him out of his retirement, and he had to officiate in the festivities as eldest brother, instead of poor Austin, whom nobody ever saw or spoke of. Bernard had to act as head of the house, Sir Austin being very frail now ; and he accepted his place and went through his duties with a cheerfulness that Hannah was surprised yet glad to see. If only he could have had beside him the bright, beautiful wife who was gone, instead of a grave sister like herself ! Still, she did her best ; went out with him when he asked her, and at other times stayed quietly at home—half amused, half troubled to find how she, who in the first months of winter almost longed for solitude, now began to find it just a little dull. She was not so glad of her own company as she used to be, and found the evenings, after Rosie's bed-time, rather long. Only the evenings : of mornings, when Rosie was with her, she felt no want of any kind.

Following the wedding—to which Miss Thelluson was of course asked, and, somewhat unwillingly, went, seeing Mr. Rivers wished it—came many bridal parties, to which she was invited too. Thence ensued a small difficulty—ridiculous in itself, and yet involving much—which, when her brother-in-law urged her to accompany him everywhere, she was at last obliged to confess.

"I can't go," she said laughing—it was much better to make it a jesting than a serious matter. "The real truth is, I've got no clothes."

And then came out another truth, which Mr. Rivers, with his easy fortunes and masculine indifference to money, had never suspected, and was most horrified at—that her salary as governess ceasing, Aunt Hannah had absolutely nothing to live upon. Though dwelling in the midst of luxury, and spending unlimited sums upon housekeeping weekly, the utmost she had had to spend upon herself, since she came to the House on the Hill, was an innocent fifteen-pound note, laid by from last year, the remains of which went in the wedding-gown of quiet grey silk which had replaced her well-worn black one.

"Dreadful !" cried Mr. Rivers. "While you have been doing everything for me, I have left you like a pauper !"

"Not exactly," and she laughed again at his vehement contrition. "Indeed, I had as much money as I wanted; for my wants are small. Remember, I have been for so many years a poor governess."

"You shall never be poor again, nor a governess neither. I cannot tell you how much I owe you—how deeply I respect you. What can I say? Rather, what can I do?" He thought a little, and then said, "The only plan is, you must let me do for you exactly what I would have done for my own sister. Listen, while I explain."

He then proposed to pay her a quarterly allowance, or annuity, large enough to make her quite independent personally. Or, if she preferred it, to make over the principal, in a deed of gift, from which she could draw the same sum, as interest, at her pleasure.

"And, you understand, this is quite between ourselves. My fortune is my own, independent of my family. No one but us two need ever be the wiser. Only say the word, and the matter shall be settled at once."

Tears sprang to Hannah's eyes.

"You are a good, kind brother to me," she said. "Nor would it matter so very much, as if I did take the money I should just make a will and leave it back to Rosie. But I cannot take it. I never yet was indebted to any man alive."

"It would not be indebtedness, only justice," argued he. "You are a practical woman, let me put it in a practical light. I am not giving, only paying—as I should have to pay some other lady. Why should I be more just and liberal to a stranger than to you? This on my side. On yours—What can you do? You are fed and housed, but you must be clothed. You are not a lily of the field. Though"—looking at her as she stood beside him, tall, and slender, and pale—"I sometimes think there is a good deal of the lily about you, Aunt Hannah. You are so single-minded and pure-hearted—and like the lilies,—you preach me a silent sermon many a time."

"Not always silent," said she, yet was pleased at the compliment. He had never made her a pretty speech before. Then too his urging her to remain with him, on the only possible terms on which she could remain—those he proposed—proved that he was not contemplating marriage—at least, not immediately.

All he said was thoroughly kind, generous, and wise; besides, her sound common-sense told her that clothes did not grow upon bushes, and that if she were to continue as mistress of the House on the Hill, it was essential that Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law should not go dressed, as he indignantly put it, "like a pauper." She considered a little, and then, putting her pride in her pocket, she accepted the position of matters as inevitable.

"Very well, Mr. Rivers. Give me the same salary that I received from Earl Dunsmore, and I will take it from you as I did from him.

It will cover all my personal needs, and even allow me, as heretofore, to put by a little for my old age."

"Your old age? Where should that be spent but here—in my house?"

"Your house may not always be——" She stopped: she had not the heart to put into plain words the plain fact that he might marry again—few men were more likely to do so. But he seemed to understand it.

"Oh, Hannah!" he said, and turned away. She was so vexed at herself that she dropped the conversation at once.

Next day Miss Thelluson found on her toilet-table, in a blank envelope, a cheque for a hundred pounds.

At first she felt a strong inclination to throw the money into the fire—then a kind of sensation of gratitude.

"If I had not liked him, I couldn't have touched a half-penny; but I do like him. So I must take it, and try to please him as much as I can."

For that reason, and to do him credit when she went out with him, poor Hannah expended more money and thought over her clothes than she had done for years, appearing in toilettes so good and tasteful, though simple still, that the Moat-House girls wondered what in the world had come over her to make her look so young.

We are always changing within and without, modified more or less, as was said in the beginning of this chapter, by continually changing circumstances. Had any one a year ago shown Hannah her picture, as she often appeared now, in pretty evening dress—she had lovely round arms still, and it was Rosie's delight to catch them bare, and fondle and hug them to her little bosom as "dollies"—Hannah would have said such a woman was not herself at all. Yet it was; and hers, too, was the heart, wonderfully gay and light sometimes, which she carried about through the day, and lay down to sleep with at night, marvelling what she had done that heaven should make her life thus content and glad.

The change was so gradual, that she accepted it almost without recognition. Ay, even when there came an event which six months ago she would have trembled at—the first dinner-party at the House on the Hill, given in honour of the bride.

"I must give it, I suppose," said Mr. Rivers. "You will not mind? I hope it will not trouble you very much?"

"Oh no."

"Be it so then." He walked off, and then came back, saying a little awkwardly, "Of course, you understand that you keep your usual place as mistress here."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

So she sat at the head of his table, and did all the honours as lady of the house. At which some other ladies, country people from a distance—for it was a state dinner-party—looked—just a little sur-



prised. One, especially, a malign-looking old dowager, with two or three unmarried daughters, whispered—

“His sister-in-law, did you tell me? I thought she was quite a middle-aged person. Better, perhaps, if she had been. And they live here together—quite alone, you say? Dear me!”

The words were inaudible to Miss Thelluson, but she caught the look, and during the evening, several other looks of the same inquisitorial kind. They made her feel—she hardly knew why—rather uncomfortable. Otherwise, she would have enjoyed the evening considerably. No woman is indifferent to the pleasure of being mistress of an elegant, well-ordered house, where her servants like her and obey her—she doing her duty and they theirs, so that all things go smoothly and well, as they did now. Also she liked to please Mr. Rivers, who was much easier to please than formerly. His old sweet temper, that poor Rosa used so fondly to dilate on, had returned; and oh! what a rare blessing is a sweet temper in a house, especially in the head of it. Then, by this time, his sister-in-law understood his ways, had grown used to his very weaknesses, and found they were not so bad after all. He was far from being her ideal, certainly; but who are they who ever find their ideal? And Hannah sighed, remembering her own—the loveliest and most loveable nature she had ever met, or so it had appeared to her in her girlhood's long-ended dream. But God had taken Arthur home; and thinking of him now, it was more as an angel than as a mortal man.

Looking round on the men she saw now—and they had been a good many lately—she found no one equal to Bernard Rivers. As he took his place again in society, a young widower who had passed from under the blackest shadow of his loss, though it had left in him an abiding gravity, he would have been counted in all circles an attractive person. Handsome, yet not obnoxiously so; clever—though perhaps more in an appreciative than an original fashion; pleasant in conversation, yet never putting himself obtrusively forward, he was a man that most men liked, and all women were sure to admire amazingly. Hannah saw—she could not help seeing—how daughters brightened as he came near, and mothers were extraordinarily tender to him; and, in fact, had he perceived this—which he did not seem to do, being very free from self-consciousness—Bernard Rivers would have run a very good chance of being thoroughly “spoiled.”

He was not yet spoiled, however; it was charming to watch him, and see how innocently he took all this social flattery, which Hannah noticed with considerable amusement, and a sort of affectionate pleasure at thinking that, however agreeable he was abroad, he was still more so at home, in those quiet evenings, now sadly diminished. She wondered sometimes how long they would last, how soon her brother-in-law would weary of her companionship, and seek nearer and fonder ties. Well, that must be left to fate; it was useless speculating. So



she did her best now; and when several times during dinner, he glanced across the table to her and smiled, and also came more than once through the drawing-rooms to look for her, and say a kindly word or two, Hannah was a satisfied and happy woman.

Only—during the pause of a long piece of concerted music by the three remaining Misses Rivers—fancying, she heard Rosie cry, she crept away up-stairs, and finding her sitting up in her crib, sobbing from a bad dream, Aunt Hannah caught her child to her bosom more passionately than usual. And when the little thing clung for refuge to her, and was soothed to sleep again under showers of kisses, Hannah thought rejoicingly that there was one creature in the world to whom she was absolutely necessary, and all in all.

His guests being at length gone, the host stood on his hearth-rug, meditative, even grave.

"Well, Hannah!" he said at last.

She looked up.

"So our dinner-party is safe over. It went off beautifully, I must say!"

"Yes; I think it did."

"And I am so much obliged to you for all the trouble you must have taken. I do like to have things nice and in order—every man does. Especially as Lady Rivers was there. They think so much of these matters at the Moat-House."

Hannah, half-pleased, half-vexed, she scarce knew why, answered nothing.

"Yes, it was very pleasant, and the people were pleasant too. But yet I think I like our quiet evenings best."

"So do I," Hannah was going to say, and then hesitated, with a curious kind of shyness, for she had been thinking the very same. Wondering also, how long this gay life they now led was to go on, and whether it would end in that climax for which she was always preparing herself—Bernard Rivers taking a second wife, and saying to his sister-in-law, "Thank you; I want you no more. Good-bye!" A perfectly right, natural, and desirable thing too, her reason told her. And yet—and yet—Well! she would, at least, not meet difficulties half-way, but would enjoy her halcyon days while they lasted.

So she sat down with him on the chair he placed for her, one on either side the fire, and proceeded to talk over the dinner and the guests, with other small familiar topics, which people naturally fall into discussing when they are perfectly at home with each other, and have one common interest running through their lives. All their associations now had the easy freedom of the fraternal relation, mingled with a certain vague sentiment, such as people feel who are not really brother and sister; but, having spent all their prior lives apart, require to get over a sort of pleasant strangeness, which has all the charm of travelling in a new country.

In the midst of it, when they were laughing together over some wonderful infantine jest of little Rosie's, there came a knock to the door, and a face looked stealthily in.

Hannah sprang up in terror. "Oh, Grace! What is it? Anything wrong with baby?"

"No, miss, nothing. How wrong of me to frighten you so!" cried the young woman contritely, as Miss Thelluson dropped back in her chair, so pale that Mr. Rivers hastily brought her a glass of wine, and spoke sharply to the nurse.

Grace looked at him with a scared face. "It's true, sir; I hardly know what I'm saying or doing. But never mind! The little one is all right; it's only my own trouble. And I've kept it to myself all day long because I wouldn't trouble her when she was busy over her dinner-party. But oh, miss! will you speak to me now, for my heart's breaking!"

"You should not have minded my being busy, poor girl!" said Hannah kindly. "What is it?" And then, with a sudden instinctive fear of what it was, she added, "But perhaps you would like to go with me into my own room?"

"No, please, I want to speak to the master too. He's a parson, and must know all about it; and it was him that he went to first!"

"My good woman, if you'll only say what 'it' and 'he' refer to; tell me a plain story, and I'll give you the best advice I can, whatever your trouble may be." And Mr. Rivers sat down, looking a little bored—like most men, he had a great dislike to "scenes,"—but still kindly enough. "Tell me, is it anything about your husband?"

Hannah had not given him credit for remembering that fact, or for the patience with which he sat down to listen.

"My husband!" cried poor Grace, catching at the word, and bursting out sobbing. "Yes, you're right, sir, he is my husband, and I shall always believe he is, though he says he isn't, and that I have no claim upon him, no more than any wicked woman in the street. But I was married, Mr. Rivers!" and the poor girl stood wringing her hands, while her tears fell in floods. "He took me to London and married me there, I've got my certificate in my pocket, and when we came back everybody knew it. And a year after my little baby was born, my poor little baby that I never told you of, miss, for fear you should send me away!"

"Is it living?" said Hannah gravely; having listened, as Mr. Rivers did also, to this torrent of grief-stricken words.

"Yes; he is living, pretty lamb! though many a time I have wished he wasn't, after what his father said when he went away. But that might not be true, no more true than what he sent me word yesterday, and I've been nigh out of my mind ever since!"

"What was it? Do keep to the point. I cannot make out the matter if you talk so much," said Mr. Rivers.

Hannah sat silent, waiting for what was coming next. An uneasy feeling, not exactly a fear, but not unlike it, came over her as she recalled the long-ago discussion at the Moat-House about the Dixon family.

Grace gathered herself up and looked her master in the face. She was a sweet-looking little woman, usually reticent and quiet enough, but now she seemed desperate with her wrong.

"Dixon says, sir—that's my husband; he's James Dixon of your parish—that I'm not his wife in law, and he can get rid of me whenever he pleases, only he won't do it if I'll come back and live with him, because he likes me, he says, and all the poor children are crying out for me. But that if I won't come back he shall go and marry another woman, Mary Bridges, of Easterham, that lived as cook with Lady Rivers. He'll put up the banns here next Sunday, he says."

"He cannot. It would be bigamy."

"Bigamy! That's taking a second wife while your first wife's living, isn't it, sir? And I'm living, though I wasn't his first wife; but I suppose that doesn't matter. Oh, why did I ever take him! But it was all for them poor children's sakes; and he was such a good husband to my sister that I thought for sure he'd be a good husband to me!"

Mr. Rivers started. "Stop a minute. Your story is very confused; but I think I take it in now. Is James Dixon the Dixon who once came to me, asking me to marry him to his deceased wife's sister? And were you that person?"

He spoke in a formal, uncomfortable voice; his cheek reddened a little, and he looked carefully away from the corner where Hannah was sitting. She did not move—how could she?—but she felt hot and red, and wished herself anywhere except where she was, and was obliged to remain.

Grace spoke on, full of eager anxiety. "Yes, sir, he did come to you, I know, and you told him, he said, that I was not the proper person for him to marry. But he thought I was, and so did I, and so did all the neighbours. You see, s r"—and in her desperation the poor young woman came close up to her master, "I was very fond of my poor sister and she of me, and when she was dying, she begged me to come and take care of her children. Jim was very glad of it too. And so I went to live with him; it was the most natural thing possible, and—it wasn't wrong, miss, was it?"

Hannah felt she must answer the appeal. She did so with a half-inaudible, but distinct, "No."

"Nobody said it was wrong. Nobody blamed me. And the children got so fond of me, and I made Jim so comfortable, that at last he said he couldn't do without me, and we had better get married at once. Was that wrong, sir?"

"Yes; it was against the law," said Mr. Rivers, in the same cold

tone, looking into the fire, and pushing backward and forward the ring he wore on his little finger—poor Rosa's wedding-ring, taken from her dead hand.

"But people do it, sir? I know two or three in our village as have done it, and nobody ever said a word against them. And, as it was, people did begin to say a deal against me." Grace hung her head a minute, and then lifted it up again in fierce innocence. "But it was all lies, sir. I declare before God it was. I was an honest girl always. I told Jim I wouldn't look at him unless he married me. So he did at last. Look here, sir."

Mr. Rivers took nervously the marriage-certificate, read it over, gave it back again, and still remained silent.

"It's all right, sir? I know it is! He did marry me!"

"Yes—but——"

"And it wasn't true what he said when, after a while, he took to drinking, and we squabbled a bit, that he could get rid of me whenever he liked, and marry somebody else? It wasn't true, sir? Oh, please say it wasn't true, if only for the sake of my poor baby!"

And Grace stood waiting for the answer that to her was life or death.

All this while Miss Thelluson had sat silent, scarcely lifting her eyes from the carpet, except once or twice to poor Grace's face, with keen compassion. Not that the question seemed to concern her much, or that she attempted to decide the wrong or right of it, only the whole case seemed so very pitiful. And she had grown fond of Grace, who was a very good girl, and in feeling and education rather superior to her class.

As for Mr. Rivers, the look in his eyes, which he carefully kept from meeting any other's eyes, was not compassion at all; but perplexity, uneasiness, even irritation; the annoyance of a man who finds himself in a difficult position, which he wishes sincerely he were well out of.

To Grace's frantic question he gave no reply at all. She noticed this, and the form of her entreaty changed.

"You don't think I did wrong to marry him, sir? You are a parson and ought to know. Was it wicked, do you think? My sister—that's Mrs. John Dixon, a very good religious woman, and a Methodist, too, told me no; that the Bible said a man was not to marry his wife's sister in her lifetime, which meant that he might do it after her death."

"Apparently you have studied the subject very closely; closer, I doubt not, than I have," replied Mr. Rivers, in that hard voice of his. Hannah thought it at the time almost cruel; "therefore there is the less need for me to give you any opinion, which I am very reluctant to do."

A blank look came into poor Grace's beseeching eyes. "But, sir, my sister——"

"Mrs. Dixon is a Dissenter, many of whom, I believe, think as she does on this matter, but we Church people can only hold to the Prayer-book and the law. Both forbid such marriages as yours. You being brother and sister——"

"But we weren't, sir; not even cousins. Indeed, I never set eyes on Jim till just before Jane died."

"You being brother and sister," irritably repeated Mr. Rivers, "or the law making you such——"

"But how could it make us when we were not born so?" pleaded poor Grace with a passionate simplicity.

"You being brother and sister," Mr. Rivers said for the third time, and now with actual sternness, "you could not possibly be married. Or if you were married, as you say, it was wholly against the law. James Dixon has taken advantage of this, as I have heard of other men doing; but I did not believe it of him."

Grace turned whiter and whiter. "Then what he says is really true? I am not his wife?"

"I can't help you; I wish I could," said Mr. Rivers, at last looking down upon the piteous face. "I am afraid it is only too true."

"And my baby, my baby! I don't care for myself much! but my baby!"

"If you ask me to tell you the truth, I must tell it. I refused to marry James Dixon because I knew it would be no marriage at all, and could only be effected by deceiving the clergyman, as I suppose was done. Therefore you are not his wife, and your baby is, of course, an illegitimate child."

Grace gave a shrill scream that might have been heard through the house. Lest it should be heard, or from some other instinct which she did not reason upon, Miss Thelluson jumped up, and shut and bolted the door. When she turned back the poor girl lay on the floor in a dead faint.

Hannah took her up in her arms.

"Please help me!" she said to Mr. Rivers, not looking at him. "I think the servants are all gone to bed. I hope they are, it will be much better. Once get her up-stairs and I can look after her myself."

"Can you? Will it not harm you?"

"Oh, no!" and Hannah looked pitifully on the stony face that lay on her lap. "It has been very hard for her. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mr. Rivers said nothing, but silently obeyed his sister-in-law's orders, and between them they carried Grace up to Miss Thelluson's room. Almost immediately afterwards she heard him close the door of his own, and saw no more of him, or any one, except her charge, till morning.

## THE CIVIL LIST.

---

THE recent agitation against the dowry of the Princess Louise has once more attracted public attention to the Civil List, a subject with which, we suspect, the present generation is not so familiar as was its immediate predecessor. For the settlement of the Pension List in 1837 was the last of a long series of efforts to put the monarch's income on a firm and constitutional footing, and from that time until the announcement of the princess's marriage, nothing has happened to revive interest in the matter. In the interval, however, a great change has taken place in the composition of the constituencies. The traditional ten-pounders have been absorbed by the householders, but the conservative stratum which Mr. Disraeli's political excavations were intended to discover, has not been reached. On the contrary, it would seem that a decided preference for republicanism is entertained by some at least of the new holders of political power.

It has, we know, been denied that the dislike expressed by many working men to the proposed dowry originates in any distrust of monarchical government. Mr. Holyoake tells us that their opposition to the grant is based on an enforced ignorance of the conditions under which the Civil List was settled, and will at once vanish when those conditions are known and appreciated. Educate the artisan, and his antagonism to this and other existing arrangements will cease. However reassuring it may be to be told that this clamour has no deeper root than the pardonable misconception of minds longing for information, but unable to obtain it, we cannot but think that more is implied therein than a want of acquaintance with Blackstone and Hallam. The only men whose antipathy to the dowry could be converted into approval of it by a course of constitutional history, would be the men who already loved the constitution, and would, therefore, admit the validity of the constitutional argument. Now these are certainly not the men whom we should expect to find opposing a grant to the first princess who has set aside unpopular and questionable restrictions. The character of the agitation testifies, in our opinion, to the existence in our large centres of population, of a vague feeling that a republic is more favourable to the prospects of the artisan than a monarchy, which feeling suggests an attack upon royalty in what is considered to be its most vulnerable point—viz., its cost.

Now, we imagine the supporters of monarchical institutions need not have the smallest hesitation in accepting the challenge of their opponents even on this score. They feel, doubtless, that the tendency to bring the question to the test of pounds, shillings, and pence simply, indicates a certain vulgarity of sentiment, and a pitiful neglect of other considerations, with which they can have no possible sympathy. Yet, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how the arguments on which they would rather rely can be expected to have much weight with their disputants. The constitutional plea, the social plea, the potent appeal to the associations which cluster round a throne, all tell little with men who retort that the constitution, or society, or the associations connected with royalty, have done nothing for them. And Blackstone's felicitous dictum that the sovereign is the "visible representative of the majesty of the State," has lost much of its cogency as an argument, at a time when visibility is not one of the prominent attributes of the Crown. It becomes, then, the more important to grapple with the expense argument; in other words, to show that monarchical government is a more economical expedient than a republic. Now the sovereign in this country is possessed—by a title, the same in kind as, but older than, that by which any nobleman holds his estates—of certain landed property. The life interest in this property is surrendered by the monarch for the time being in return for a stated allowance granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the dignity of the Crown. Further, Parliament has agreed to dower the daughters of the sovereign, and to give annuities to his children, by which arrangement each royal marriage must of necessity be announced to the Legislature, which could, of course, refuse a dowry if the contemplated marriage were inimical to the interests of the nation. The practical working of this constitutional contract is that in 1869 the Crown lands produced within £10,000 of the amount issued to her Majesty, and would, if managed on the same principles as a private estate, very soon realise more than the Civil List and the annuities together. On the other hand, Republicanism means a sovereign assembly, and a sovereign assembly involves payment of members, an item of expense in the United States exceeding the Queen's share of the Civil List. It is worth notice that the member of Parliament who moved the refusal of the dowry has on several occasions argued in favour of remunerating the House of Commons for its services. Neither in the cost of the administration, nor in the incidence of taxation, nor in the prevention of fiscal corruption would a republic work so advantageously to the poor man as does our existing monarchical system, while in the abolition of unpaid labour it would introduce the elements of considerable expense.

But our object in this paper is not so much to defend royalty, as to depict briefly the main features of those changes which have resulted in the settlement of the Civil List in its present form.



They only can appreciate the worth of existing arrangements who have traced out the circumstances under which they were made.

In order to gain anything like a clear idea of the conditions under which the Civil List has been settled, we must endeavour to realise the relation which, under the feudal system, the early Norman kings bore to their subjects. It has been often pointed out that feudalism, as introduced into this country, was eminently favourable to the maintenance of the most arbitrary despotism on the part of the king. For the Conqueror, by claiming the homage, not only of his own tenants but of their sub-tenants also, and by so distributing the estates which he conferred upon his followers as to prevent the power of any one from being unduly localised, diminished the authority of the nobles, and so undermined the only opposition he was likely to encounter. Moreover, though prodigal of his grants, the demesne lands retained for himself, and consisting of 1,422 manors, were in value abundantly sufficient to support the throne, while, scattered as they were over every county, they served to bring home to every man's mind that lordship over the soil which William made the cornerstone of his system. The king's landed property, however, formed by no means his only source of income. His exactions were as boundless as his prerogative. As feudal lord, he claimed military service from his vassals, or in lieu thereof a money-commutation, called scutage. The feudal incidents of wardship and marriage were at once profitable and oppressive. As custodian of the temporalities of the Church, he received the income of vacant bishoprics—which frequently remained unfilled, the better to gratify his rapacity—besides the first year's profits and the tenth of the annual value of each spiritual preferment. As proprietor of the soil, he extorted aids of his tenants, while he compelled the towns to purchase a qualified exemption from indiscriminate plunder, by the payment of regular tallages. All wreck was his property, and all treasure-trove; the latter an important source of revenue in times when the absence of all banking facilities necessitated hoarding, and the abounding violence of manners rendered concealment of the hoard indispensable to its security. No one could enter or leave the kingdom without his permission, and he levied therefore a rigorous customs duty on all merchandise. The fines arising from violations of the odious forest laws, or from the courts of law, all belonged to the king. In virtue of his prerogatives of purveyance and pre-emption his servants impressed carriages and horses for the royal household, while "the royal purveyors," to quote Burke's words, "sallied from those vast inhospitable halls, called royal palaces, to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, and bring home the plunder of a hundred markets," the impoverished villagers being paid with tallies, which they often carried in vain to an empty exchequer.

Such was the variety of modes in which the feudal system enabled



the monarch to enrich himself. It may be doubted, however, whether any of his successors derived such benefit from these various channels of profit as the Conqueror himself. His income was computed to amount to £1,060 a day, a sum of money equal in mere weight of silver to £1,200,000 a year of our money. Possessed of enormous landed property himself, and ever on the watch to exact fines and fees on the occasion of any change in the estates of his nobles, he fully embodies the idea of the feudal sovereign, whose kingdom was his estate, and whose subjects were his slaves.

The history of the Civil List is substantially the history of the rise and growth of those influences which limited and ultimately subdued the kingly prerogative. It would be impossible, however, within the limits of this paper, to trace even the outlines of that great struggle between the privileges of the Crown and the liberties of the people, the origin of which was practically coincident with the origin of Parliament. We can only attempt to show how in the course of that struggle the hereditary revenue of the monarch was superseded by definite grants of Parliament, and how gradually a separation was made between his personal and domestic expenditure, and that which he incurred in the defence of the realm and the general administration of the Government.

Of the many causes which contributed to sap the royal prerogative the most prominent was the royal prodigality. The early Norman kings had few worse enemies than themselves. Their demesne lands, acquired by force, were managed with imprudence, and squandered with recklessness. Yet the direct tendency of the feudal system was to enable the monarch to add to his patrimony. By forfeiture and escheat, fresh estates were constantly falling into his hands. By one or other of these incidents nearly every manor in England has, at one time or other since the Conquest, been vested in the Crown. Yet such was the profligate waste of the Crown lands in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that resumptions took place in every reign. Stephen's reign presented a scene of the wildest disorder. Prodigious grants to his supporters on the one hand, and extravagant forfeitures of the lands of his foes on the other, completely unsettled the nation, and occasioned that wretched condition of the poor which the Saxon Chronicle so pathetically laments. Richard I., when raising supplies for his crusade, disposed of many of his estates, and on his return coolly resumed them all. But, notwithstanding these resumptions, the dissipation of the magnificent inheritance which the Conqueror had bequeathed was carried to such an extent that Henry III. complained to his council that the royal lands were insufficient to furnish his table. The barons retorted that his own lavish grants were the cause of this insufficiency, and they added that it was scandalous for the king to give tallies for his own victuals. By their advice Henry seized all the castles and lands belonging to foreigners. The first

Edward endeavoured to add to his lands by more crafty means. The statutes of *quo warranto* having enacted that all who had held possession of their estates before Richard's reign should be confirmed therein, Edward, who was well aware that many titles had been lost, called on all his tenants to show their titles by legal inquest. He found, however, he had roused a spirit with which he could not cope. Asked for his title, Earl Warren threw his sword on the table. "By this sword," said he, "my ancestors with William the Bastard won these lands, and by it I defend them." The king went no further in the matter. Under his son, the greed of Court favourites still further squandered the royal domains. Gaveston alone received the Earldom of Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and several honours, castles, and manors.

While the Crown lands of the monarch were thus steadily falling in value, Magna Carta had also stripped him of many valuable privileges, and so compelled him to resort to subsidies. Thus arose the great constitutional expedient of Parliamentary supply—without doubt the greatest safeguard of liberty which a nation can possess. Even before the rise of the House of Commons, the barons had made the granting of subsidies the occasion for bitter complaints against the king's wastefulness. They had, at times, even gone the length of paying subsidies into the hands of certain members of their own order, who were to ensure their being expended for the sole benefit of the kingdom. With the growth of the House of Commons came the greater development of the principle. The grant of supplies was conditional on the reform of grievances. Parliament had constantly to intervene to save the Crown from the consequences of its own waste. On the death of Richard II., who had been impoverished by the wars of his grandfather, the Legislature proceeded to a resumption of his grants, "in order to ease the Commons of their taxes, and that the king might live on his own." The Wars of the Roses, and the numerous forfeitures consequent thereon, brought almost the whole of the soil of England under the control of the Crown; yet the property was so mismanaged that Henry VI.'s income was only £5,000 a year, while his household cost £24,000.

The interference of Parliament resulted in the resumption of all the grants the king had made.

The avarice of the first of the Tudors retrieved, in some degree, the waste of the Crown lands which the prodigality of his predecessors had occasioned. On his accession, he informed the Houses that, considering "the great forfeitures and confiscations he had at present to help himself, he would not demand any money, whereby those casualties of the Crown might in reason spare the purses of his subjects." Notwithstanding this promise, however, we find that the Commons gave the king the grant of tonnage and poundage—consisting of customs duties on all merchandise—and

some smaller taxes for his life, in accordance with precedent which had existed since the time of Henry V. By his frugal management of the Crown lands, and by his rapacious levying of benevolences or forced loans—the contributions to which were augmented by a merciless assessment, based on the principle that if the taxpayer lived ostentatiously he must pay largely, because his manner of life testified to his means; and if he lived sparingly, his economy had enabled him to accumulate wealth—he left, on his death, a fortune of £1,800,000. The produce of his thrift and insatiable avarice, however, was as nothing when compared with the acquisitions of his successor. The spoliation of the monasteries poured into the exchequer of Henry VIII. a revenue of so enormous an amount that we are hardly surprised to hear the King promising to reign without taxes, and at his own expense support a force of forty thousand men. These specious promises were strangely falsified. The king, whose government at home and wars abroad were conducted with the utmost profuseness, not only squandered the fortune he had inherited and the subsidies he received from Parliament, but, on his death, left an empty exchequer. Elizabeth proved herself, on the whole, economical, although the necessities of the realm compelled, now and then, a resort to forced loans and to monopolies.

The prerogative of the Stuarts, exerted to improve the hereditary revenues, resulted only in dissipating them. Charles I. provoked great dissatisfaction by his efforts to revive the ancient forest laws. He laid out Richmond Park at the cost of the freeholders, and extended the royal domains in Essex and elsewhere by similar deprivations of private property. But as his strife with Parliament stripped him of constitutional supply, the Crown lands were resorted to, and the whole of them, including Hyde Park, were vested in trustees to be sold.

It would have been impossible for an event of such magnitude as the Protectorate of Cromwell, to take place without producing lasting results in the regulation of the monarch's revenue. For the establishment of the Commonwealth completely dislocated all the fiscal arrangements of the State, and so precipitated reforms which would otherwise have taken years to accomplish. During the Civil War, what with the taxes raised by Parliament, and the contributions either voluntarily offered or forcibly levied by the Cavaliers, the strain upon the resources of the nation was immense. With the Protectorate came the sale of the Church lands, of the Crown lands, and the sequestration of the estates of the so-called delinquents. Million after million, indicative of ruined fortunes and domestic misery, flowed into the national exchequer. But meanwhile the old feudal incidents fell into disuse. Wardships, forfeitures, fines, aids, escuages, and the rights of purveyance and preemption, could not survive even the temporary downfall of monarchical government.

They perished on the scaffold of Charles I. Many of them had, in course of time become more irksome to the subject than profitable to the king; others, as preemption, were an anachronism in a state of society into which the spirit of commerce had penetrated. Efforts towards the commutation of these obnoxious exactions had been made in the reign of James I., but the avarice of the king frustrated the negotiations. The Commons had offered a composition of £100,000 a year, but the king asked twice that sum. With that love of fantastic quibbling which characterised him, he argued that there were nine muses and eleven apostles, deducting one not to be named by kings; he, therefore, must receive the intermediate number, or ten-score thousand pounds. The Commons had refused these terms, and no further steps had been taken in the matter until the Treaty of Newport, when Charles I., finding his affairs were becoming desperate, had agreed to the proposals of the Commons. After the Restoration Charles II. felt he could not with decency refuse an offer which, though derogatory to his prerogative, was profitable to his purse. Accordingly an Act was passed abolishing these incidents, and granting to the king in their stead an hereditary excise on beer. Meanwhile Parliament had fixed on £1,200,000 as the ordinary yearly revenue of the Crown, sufficient in times of no particular danger for the public defence and for the maintenance of royalty. For this revenue the Commons provided various resources. Besides the income of the Crown lands—which, thanks to the astute policy of Clarendon, the king had resumed—and the hereditary excise, they granted other excise and customs duties for the king's life, the tax called hearth money, or two shillings for every house, and the profits arising from the Post-office, an institution which the Protector had done much to confirm and improve.

The abolition of these feudal tributes was not, however, the only reform in the settlement of the revenue which the Commons achieved in Charles's reign. In fact, the private vices and the tortuous policy of the king necessitated the interposition of Parliament to an extent which would have been needless if the monarch had been worthy of the confidence of his legislature. But this interposition achieved reforms of no small value, and ultimately paved the way for the greatest reform of all—the expulsion of the Stuarts; a service for the performance of which we are, as Hallam sarcastically observes, in no small degree indebted to the duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. In 1665 the Commons introduced a clause into a Subsidy Bill, declaring that the amount raised should be applicable only to the purposes of the war. This bold deviation from the traditional system by which the appropriation of supplies was left to the honour or caprice of the monarch, excited at once the apprehension and the anger of the Court party. Similar attempts to control the application of supplies had, it is true, been made in the reigns of

Richard II. and Henry IV., but they had not become precedents. Clarendon resisted the proposal as an attack on the royal prerogative, but the Commons were firm, and the clause was carried. Next year they followed up their success by nominating commissioners to inquire into the application of the year's grants. Again Clarendon's opposition proved unavailing. The revelations of the inquiry justified the fears of its promoters. It was found that money granted for the defence of the nation had been diverted to minister to the luxuries of the Court. Pepys, speaking of this inspection, "which," he says, "doth make the king and Court mad," admits that more than £400,000 had gone into the privy purse during the war.

These reforms gradually led to others. Estimates began to be submitted to the House, which from this time exercised a more close and watchful superintendence over the application of public moneys. Meanwhile, trade in the country steadily improved, and the revenue as steadily rose. The same taxes which had been granted to Charles II., and had been estimated to produce a Civil List of £1,200,000, had been given to his successor, James II., and had realised an average annual income of £1,500,000. The prosperous termination of the Revolution, and the accession of William III., gave the Commons an opportunity of inquiring into the disposition of this large revenue. They found that James's expenditure had exceeded his income by £200,000 a year. His army had cost annually about £700,000; but, after allowing for this expenditure, he had still £1,000,000 a year left, which there were many reasons to suppose had been spent in modes injurious to the liberty of the subject and to the character of the king. The large sums which had been imprest to the Secretary of the Treasury for secret service corroborated these fears. With the view of securing a larger measure of parliamentary control, the Commons resolved upon a most important change. They determined to separate the expenditure necessary for the maintenance of the king's government and family from that incurred in the public defence. £1,200,000 was voted as the annual revenue, one-half of which was to be appropriated to the former purposes, and one-half to the latter. The £600,000 to be applied to what we may now call, with some approach to propriety, the Civil List, was derived from the hereditary revenues and additional excise duties. The conduct of the war against France soon necessitated much larger grants for the army and navy than this arrangement contemplated; but the distinction just mentioned was strictly adhered to, and the principle of a Civil List, of specified amount and limited to the cost of the royal household and civil administration, established. The Civil Lists of Queen Anne and of George I. were settled at the same amount, £700,000. Both sovereigns, however, left debts amounting to £1,000,000 and upwards. In consequence of these deficiencies, Parliament treated George II. with greater liberality, fixing his Civil List at £800,000; it being

determined, however, that if the duties granted to the king fell short of this sum, the deficiency should be voted, but any excess should go to the Crown. For the last ten years of the king's life the surplus of the duties averaged £24,000 a year; and this addition to his income, combined with his natural frugality, enabled him to bequeath to his successor a fortune of £170,000.

Meanwhile, the condition of the Crown lands had excited great uneasiness both in and out of Parliament, Charles II. had, as we have seen, resumed the estates which the Commonwealth had sold; but had resumed only to squander them. Their value, at the Restoration, was reckoned at £220,000. In three years, the king's prodigality had reduced this amount to £100,000, and the process of alienation was continued in spite alike of the remonstrances of the Commons and the indignation of the people. Not even the revolution succeeded in correcting these abuses. William III. regarded the Crown lands as affording a convenient mode of rewarding his adherents. The whole of the lands confiscated in Ireland in consequence of the Rebellion, were bestowed on the Earl of Portland and the Countess of Orkney. A further grant to Lord Portland of land in North Wales, worth £100,000, for a reserved annual rent of 6s. 8d., provoked a most hostile debate in Parliament. "The glory and grandeur of England," said Price, a member of the Commons, and afterwards a baron of the Exchequer, "cannot be upheld by a poor landless crown." Ultimately, the king revoked the grant, and Parliament resumed the Irish forfeitures. Moreover, on the settlement of Queen Anne's Civil List, it being found that the Crown lands barely exceeded in income the rent-roll of a squire, the Houses restrained alienation by enacting that no future lease should exceed three lives, and that a reasonable rent should be demanded. But these precautions proved of little avail. What was needed was not so much the intervention of Parliament as a complete reform in the management of Crown property. The grants of leases, always improvidently and often corruptly; the concession of renewals at the pleasure of the tenants; the tacit sanction of waste and encroachment; such reckless administration as was exemplified by the allowance of land-tax twice over; these were the prominent characteristics of the management of the royal demesnes at the date of the accession of George III.

The desire to remedy these scandalous evils was one of the chief causes which induced George III.'s ministers to advise the surrender of the Crown lands to the public. The king consented, though, doubtless, not without some spasms of remorse at the loss of what, under more prudent management, might have become a most potent defence of the prerogative, and thus admitted the direct control of Parliament over the personal expenditure of the monarch. The gift itself, as Burke observed, was not of much value, but the principle was an important constitutional gain. The proceeds of the Crown

lands were henceforth carried to the "aggregate fund," the parent of our Consolidated Fund, and Parliament granted the king a Civil List of £800,000 a year. In addition to this, he received the casual hereditary revenues, consisting of the Admiralty droits, &c., the hereditary revenues of Scotland, a separate Civil List for Ireland, and the profits of the Duchies, so that his total income reached a million a year. Yet the king was constantly in debt, and this, notwithstanding that he lived in a parsimonious style, attended by but a few servants. Nine years after his accession, the debt on the Civil List was half-a-million, which was defrayed by a vote of the House of Commons. By 1777, fresh debts had accumulated; but in the interval, the alarming increase of the national debt, the publication of the letters of "Junius," and the existence of very wide-spread distress, showed that measures of financial reform were absolutely necessary. In 1780, Burke introduced the subject in a speech as remarkable for its massing of facts as for its stately rhetoric. He showed that the Court was so managed that the people saw "nothing but the operations of parsimony attended with the consequences of profusion." Nothing was saved, yet nothing appeared to be expended. The royal household had "lost all that was stately and venerable in antique manners without retrenching anything of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment." The money appropriated thereto was lavished on sinecurists. The very turnspit was a member of Parliament, and received a handsome salary, while the man who did the work was underpaid on £5 a year.

To one other feature of the Civil List—viz., the Pensions, the attention of reformers was directed with even more anxiety than to the abuses of the household. Nor is this to be wondered at when we recollect how potent an engine of corruption they had been proved to be. Originally, they had been conferred by the Crown, without control and, indeed, without limit, except that imposed by the poverty of the king. Granted in secret, and held only during royal pleasure, they made the recipient simply the creature of the donor. Under the Stuarts, the use of them for political purposes began to develop into a system. During Walpole's administration, the evil assumed larger proportions. At one time it seemed that the battle for constitutional liberty would have to be fought over again. The king no longer attempted to rule without Parliament, but endeavoured to corrupt Parliament itself. Obviously, so far as the liberties of the people are concerned, there is no difference between the abolition of Parliament and the degradation of it to a venal assembly ready to register every decree of the Court. Yet when in George I.'s reign a bill was brought in to compel every member to take oath that he did not hold any Crown pension, the king called it a "villanous bill," while Bishop Sherlock declared "an independent House of Commons to be inconsistent with the Constitution." Nor was downright bribery at all



uncommon. What a vista of corruption is opened up by such a remark as that of Fox, who, when asked during the Duke of Newcastle's premiership to take the leadership of the Commons, said "he never desired to touch a penny of the secret-service money further than was necessary to enable him to speak to members without being ridiculous." Lord Chatham avowed his conviction that a great part of George III.'s Civil List was spent in corrupting members. The king arranged his *levées* and drawing-rooms with an eye to political necessities, and looked after the division list with all the anxiety of a whipper-in. Burke's reforms involved two great principles—ministerial responsibility and limitation of amount. He proposed that the pension list should not exceed £95,000, and that all new names should be reported to Parliament. Moreover, he cut at the root of secret pensions by providing that all pensions should be paid at the Exchequer.

The advent of Lord Rockingham to power resulted in the carrying of Burke's suggestions. A number of useless offices in connection with the Court were abolished, the pensions were limited to £95,000, and the Civil List was divided into eight classes, and raised to £900,000. But not even this increase of income, nor a subsequent addition of £130,000 a year, enabled the king to live within his means. The augmented cost of government, and the expenses incidental to a system which, after all, allowed but little play to the economical desires of the sovereign, caused frequent deficiencies in the Civil List. The debts paid in the course of George's reign nearly reach £4,000,000. Burke's reforms, indeed, fell far short of what was necessary to put the Civil List on a foundation either satisfactory to the nation or just to the king. It was still encumbered with a number of charges, which helped to swell the total, while they were entirely unconnected with the personal comfort of the sovereign, and were really beyond his control. After the report on the Civil List by a Parliamentary committee in 1815, the annuities to the royal family were removed, and an auditor of the Civil List was appointed to control the expenses of the household. Yet we find that the Civil List of George IV. still contained numbers of charges connected with the civil administration. The total of this king's Civil List was £1,220,000, of which £850,000 was voted for England, £207,000 for Ireland—in lieu of the Irish hereditary revenues, which George III. surrendered in 1793—the remainder being derived from the casual hereditary revenues of Scotland and England, which the monarch still retained. Now, of the £850,000 granted for England, upwards of £315,000 was appropriated to the salaries of the Lord Chancellor, the judges, the Speaker, the ambassadors and consuls, the Commissioners of the Treasury, and other officials, whose functions had no relation with the monarch in his personal capacity. George IV., we may observe, left no debts. The spendthrift in youth became a miser in his old age.



The reform of the Civil List was not destined to be completed, however, until it had become a party question. On the accession of William IV., Goulbourn, Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Duke of Wellington's administration, announced that the king had agreed to surrender not only the hereditary revenues which his predecessors had given up, but also the casual revenues. He then proposed a Civil List in which all the evils complained of were substantially continued. All the great officials above enumerated, except the judges, the Speaker, and the consuls, were still charged thereon. Exciting debates followed, and at length a resolution of Sir H. Parnell, to refer the Civil List to a select committee, was carried against the Government by a majority of twenty-nine. The Duke of Wellington resigned, and Lord Grey came into power, with Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. A revised Civil List was introduced. All salaries not connected with the household were removed to the Consolidated Fund, and the Civil List was divided into five classes, viz., privy purse, salaries, expenses, royal bounty, and pensions, amounting in the aggregate to £510,000. A reference to a committee led only to the recommendation that a reduction of £11,000 should be made in certain salaries. This reduction the king opposed. "If," said he, "according to the new Reform Bill, the people are to govern the Commons, and the Commons are to decide upon the salaries I give my servants, monarchy cannot exist." The ministry acquiesced in the king's wishes, and their Civil List was voted as originally proposed. The cession by the Crown of all its hereditary revenues, and the removal of all charges not of a domestic or personal nature to the Consolidated Fund, placed the Civil List on an equitable and constitutional basis. The Crown lands, no longer the spoil of Court favourites, passed into the hands of an able and responsible management; the sovereign was spared the odium attaching to the possession of an income, which though of enormous amount nominally, was yet so arranged as to comprehend many items which he could neither reduce nor utilize; while Parliament asserted the principles of its own control, and of ministerial responsibility.

The Civil List of Queen Victoria presents only one or two features of novelty. Her Majesty, like her predecessor, ceded all the hereditary revenues, and the list was thus classified:—

Class I. Privy Purse . . . . .	£60,000
II. Salaries of Household, including the offices of the Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes, Lord Steward, &c. . .	131,260
III. Expenses of Household, as above . . . . .	172,500
IV. Royal bounty and charity, gate alms, and special services . . . . .	13,200
V. Pensions (£1,200 a year).	
VI. Unappropriated money . . . . .	8,040
	<hr/> £385,000

The total, exclusive of Class V., is less than William IV.'s list by £125,000. This sum is composed of £50,000, the privy purse allowance to Queen Adelaide, and £75,000 for pensions. The latter item demands a word of explanation. As we have mentioned, Burke's Act of 1782 fixed the Pension List for England at £95,000. His reforms, however, left untouched the Irish Pension List, and the pensions on the Scotch hereditary revenues, and the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per-cent. duties, the last named forming a fund, of an anomalous nature, arising from duties levied on West India produce, and originally intended for colonial purposes, but diverted, in Charles II.'s time, to the payment of pensions and charges of a questionable nature. The pensions charged on these lists amounted, in 1820, to £203,000. In ten years the total fell to £181,000; but the discussions on the subject in 1829 proved the necessity of still further reducing the amount available for this purpose. Accordingly Lord Althorp fixed the Pension List, transferred by him into the fifth class of the Civil List, at £75,000 for England, Ireland, and Scotland, the oldest lives to be put upon the Civil List, and the residue to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. On the king's death in 1837 these arrangements ceased. Meanwhile, in 1834, Lord Grey had carried his resolution that "it is the bounden duty of the responsible advisers of the Crown to recommend to his Majesty only such persons as may have just claims on royal benevolence by personal service to the Crown, or who, by useful discoveries of art and sciences, merit the consideration of the sovereign and the patronage of the nation." On the accession of her Majesty the pensions were referred to a select committee. Their investigations showed that previous agitation had purged the Pension List of its worst evils. The committee struck off only £2,500, and the rest were charged on the Consolidated Fund. Her Majesty was empowered to grant pensions not exceeding £1,200 in each year, the names of the grantees being submitted to Parliament—a provision the wisdom of which was attested by the cancellation, a few years ago, of the pension too hastily granted to the so-called poet Close by Lord Palmerston. Twelve hundred a year, therefore, represents the amount now set apart by the nation for the reward of those who have deserved well of their country in science, art, and literature. Doubtless the spread of knowledge, the art of printing, &c., have improved the position of men of letters. Scholars need not nowadays obtain licences from the authorities of their universities to beg, as they were wont to do. A reading public is a better patron than a Mæcenæ, however generous. But none the less is there ample scope for the distribution of the national bounty. An age remarkable for its material prosperity, and for its abundant production of that union of common sense and conceit, the practical man, is apt to bestow scant remuneration on abstract studies. Yet it is of the highest importance that the few men in any age who are com-

petent to grapple with abstract questions should not be deterred from their pursuit because of the hopelessness of obtaining adequate recompense for their mental outlay.

Besides the voted Civil List, the Queen receives the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which has always been regarded as a private inheritance of the sovereign, distinct altogether from the ordinary hereditary income. Created originally a palatinate by Edward III. for Henry Plantagenet, the first Duke of Lancaster, it was maintained separate from the Crown property till the fall of the house of Lancaster, when it was merged into the ordinary revenues. The Protector, however, thinking it a suitable means for providing special resources for the monarchy he hoped to found, severed it once more. Previously to the commencement of the present reign, the administration of the duchy was characterised by all the improvidence which had wasted the Crown lands, and which had prompted Burke's observation that "a landed estate is the very worst the king can possess." In 1837 the net income handed over to the Privy Purse, was less than £9,000, in 1869 it exceeded £31,000.

The fruits of good management are, however, still more apparent in the case of the Duchy of Cornwall. The heir-apparent to the Crown is, as is pretty generally known, Duke of Cornwall by birth, and Prince of Wales by creation. The income of the duchy vests in him at the instant of birth, "as if," says Blackstone, "minority could no more be predicated of him than of the monarch himself." Before the accession of the Queen, the revenues of the duchy had always been appropriated to the Crown, until the heir-apparent attained his majority. Her Majesty, however, surrendered them to the country. Under the management of the Prince Consort, the income of the duchy increased fourfold; but the nation gained the full advantage of this providence, for the sum of £100,000 a year having been decided upon as an adequate income for the Prince of Wales, the Consolidated Fund was only charged with an annuity of £40,000, the duchy supplying the rest.

Reverting to the voted Civil List as given above, we may note that the division of the total into classes, each of which has a certain sum appropriated to itself, really limits the income at the absolute disposal of the monarch, to the Privy Purse £60,000, and the savings which may result from economy practised in Classes II. and III., the balances on those classes, if any, being paid to the keepers of the Privy Purse at the conclusion of each year. The nation does not hand £385,000 a year to Her Majesty to spend as she pleases, but after granting her £60,000 absolutely, disposes of the residue in such a mode as to ensure the maintenance of a stately household. But such a plan allows of but scant provision for emergencies. Hence the nation undertakes to make distinct arrangements for the Royal family, by granting dowries to the daughters and annuities to the children.

As we have mentioned already, this arrangement gives Parliament a practical veto on any Royal marriage by enabling it to withhold the dowry.

Such are the conditions of the constitutional contract which the country has entered into with its monarch. The practical working of that contract, as shown in the finance accounts for 1869, may be thus briefly summarised. The Civil List and the annuities to the Royal family amounted to £486,000, the receipts from the Crown lands and the casual hereditary revenues reached £405,359, giving a balance against the Crown of £80,000. If royalty did nothing more for us than save us the expense and heartburning and corruption which accompany the quadrennial election of a president in the United States, a much larger sum would be cheaply spent. To refuse to dower a thoroughly desirable marriage, under such circumstances as those under which the dowry is asked, would be a deliberate breach of contract, prompted by a spirit of parsimony at once sordid and unjust.

ALFRED S. HARVEY.

---

## DANTE'S "PARADISE."

---

[PERHAPS of the three parts of the "*Divina Commedia*" the "*Paradiso*" is the least dwelt upon by English students of the great Italian poet. It has the just reputation of being the part most difficult of comprehension in the whole poem. Those who attempt to read it are deterred from doing so by the allegories and metaphors which, frequently employed throughout the work, occur in almost every line of the "*Paradiso*;" by the arrangement of the heavenly spheres according to the now exploded Ptolemaical system; and, above all, by the theological and philosophical expositions which, it must be admitted, are not entirely free from the scholasticism prevalent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

These appear to be some of the reasons why the "*Paradiso*," considered by Italian critics the greatest effort of Dante's mind, is so little appreciated by foreigners.

With the exception of Cary, whose translation and whose notes are admitted by all to be equally good throughout the poem, the English commentators and essayists upon the "*Divina Commedia*," after criticising in the most able and elaborate manner the "*Inferno*" and the "*Purgatorio*," scarcely mention the "*Paradiso*," and thus convey the impression that it is inferior to the preceding portions of the poem. Take, for example, Lord Macaulay in his "*Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers*." He points out the best passages, dwells upon the beauty of the style, the unity and consistency of the poem, its minute details and powerful descriptions; but only with reference to the "*Inferno*" and "*Purgatorio*." When he comes to the "*Paradiso*" he dismisses the subject in a few lines: "But among the beatified he [Dante] appears as one who has nothing in common with them, as one who is incapable of comprehending, not only the degree, but the nature of their enjoyment." And further on: "When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from 'the valley of the dolorous abyss.' We seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale." \*

No mention is made of the reverse side of the marvellous picture presented to us by Dante, the spheres of eternal bliss, the ceaseless songs of praise, the heavenly hope, the blessed consolation of which he treats in the "*Paradiso*," and which the Italian critics, in their

\* "*The Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay*," vol. i. pp. 62, 63.

enthusiastic admiration, declare to be a kind of foretaste of the joys of *il vero Paradiso*.

The object of this paper is to endeavour to remove some of the difficulties which are to be encountered in the study of the "Paradiso," to give, if possible, a clue to the allegory which lies concealed in the poem, and thus to guide the reader to its manifold beauties.

With this end in view this paper has been carefully compiled from the best Italian commentators and writers upon the subject—from a Commentary upon the "Paradiso" by Biagoli, a Dissertation upon the same subject by Il Padre Berti, a Life of Dante by Cesare Balbo, Maffei's "Letteratura Italiana," and the latest and most compendious Commentary upon the "Divina Commedia," published by Pietro Fraticelli in 1868.]

"Qual alto seggio  
T'abbia assegnato Dio ne le sue glorie,  
Alighiero, non so. So che la tua  
Italia ti locò nel più sublime.  
So ch'ella sempre t'oblio nei giorni  
De la viltà: ma ai dì de la speranza  
Legge il tuo libro; e ormai più non t'oblia." \*

BEFORE proceeding to the close study of the "Paradiso" we must pause one moment to consider the links which connect it with the two preceding portions of the "Divina Commedia." For the poem is framed on a plan of perfect symmetry, and one train of thought runs through it all. It must then be borne in mind that, among a variety of minor allegories, the two chief interpretations which the poem is capable of are these:—

1. Political, or, as Dante himself calls it, Historical; and it is in truth an autobiographical narrative of historical events of Dante's age (1265—1321), chiefly those of his own country, but embracing also other nations, so far as they were connected with Italy, with constant allusions to ancient history, and that of the middle ages up to his own time. This is the first aspect which the poem presents to the reader.

2. Moral. The "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" were intended by the poet to be representations of the active life of man. To trace the allegory from its beginning, Dante—that is to say, man, or a human being, endowed with reasoning faculties, mental and physical capacities of feeling, and the liberty of choice—having lost his way in the forest of human passion, vainly endeavours to escape from it and to climb the steep hill of virtue, but is hindered chiefly by three vices—envy, avarice, and pride. This is all related in the first canto of the "Inferno." He is so repeatedly foiled in his attempts that he is about to abandon the enterprise in despair, when Virgil, representing moral philosophy, appears to him. Virgil rescues Dante from the

\* "Canti di Alcardo Alcardi," p. 119.

wood, and because he had fallen so far from virtue that it is necessary to show him the fearful consequences of vice, takes him down the Abyss of Hell, where he points out the certain punishment which overtakes each crime. This is the symbol of human reason directing the liberty of will and indicating the ruin which would result from the gratification of the natural appetites and passions.

In the "*Purgatorio*" Virgil conducts Dante up a steep and painful ascent, hardest in the beginning, but becoming gradually easier till it ends in the terrestrial Paradise at the summit. Thus moral philosophy or reason exercises its sway over the mind of man in another way, by the desire for good, showing him that in order to attain this good he must mortify his evil inclinations and correct his faults; and this, although difficult and painful at first, becomes easier by degrees, until at length he finds that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." As the "*Inferno*" and the "*Purgatorio*" are allegorical representations of the active life of man, so the "*Paradiso*" would represent the contemplative life, the rest which the soul must find in God—to use Dante's own beautiful expression, "*Nel vero in che si queta ogn' intelletto.*" \* Dante takes for his guide in Paradise Beatrice, the lady whom he loved so passionately when on earth, and in whose honour the "*Divina Commedia*" was written, because, as he himself says, "*Spero dire di lei quello, che mai non fu detta d'alcuna.*" In order, then, to render her due honour, he makes her to be the allegorical representation of the "*Scienza Divina*," or theology, endowing her with heavenly wisdom.

As moral philosophy applied to the mind of man cannot stretch beyond a certain point, but must give place to a higher knowledge—that is to say, theology—so Virgil cannot accompany Dante beyond the two first stages of his journey, but must yield his function of guide to Beatrice, in order to fit Dante's mind for the proper appreciation of the glories of Paradise.

With all the penetration and subtlety of an Italian mind, Dante perceived that only by degrees could he fathom, figuratively speaking, the depths of evil, or attain to the summit of perfection. Thus with the same art which led him to descend by degrees through the worst vices of the human race in their allotted place of punishment, till he reached their author at the bottom of the abyss; so, having previously purified his mind from all material corruptions in the cleansing fires of Purgatory, with a soul possessed of active and contemplative faculties, with science for his ladder, and theology for his guide, he passes from sphere to sphere in his "*Paradise*" until at length he reaches the culminating point of perfection, the "beauty of that holiness," in which with all the fervour of a deeply religious mind he longs to worship the vision of divine glory. Here, as Cary admirably renders the original—

\* *Par.* xxviii., l. 108.

"Vigour failed the towering fantasy:  
But yet the will roll'd onward like a wheel  
In even motion, by the love impelled,  
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars." \*

In the "Paradiso," the religious preponderates over the political or historical aspect of the poem; but it is impossible, and, indeed, a mistake, to attempt to define too clearly where the one ends and the other begins, they are so closely intertwined that they are often merged entirely one in the other. Still, with the exception of the three cantos which Dante devotes to the historical account of his ancestor Cacciagnida, and one or two other episodes, the "Paradiso," true to the allegory which it is intended to convey, contains, for the most part, profound dissertations upon theology and philosophy.

That it was intended for minds of a more meditative class, who would not need the stirring incidents of the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio," with the historical interest attaching to them, Dante himself announces at the outset of the poem in the figurative language which he delighted to employ, having first warned the careless and superficial reader not to attempt to understand this part of the "Divina Commedia"—

"O voi che siete in piccioletta barca,  
Desiderosi d'ascoltare, seguiti  
Dietro al mio legno che cantando varca,  
Tornate a riveder li vostri liti:  
Non vi mettete in pelago; che forse,  
Perdendo me, rimarσετε smarriti.

• • • • •  
Voi altri poetri, che drizzaste il collo  
Per tempo al pan degli angeli, del quale  
Vivesi qui, ma non si vien satollo,  
Metter potete ben per l'alto sale  
Vostro naviglio, servando mio solco  
Dinanzi all' acqua che ritorna eguale." †

To this latter order of student, and more especially to those who

\* Cary's "Dante," par. xxxiii. 131—135.

† "All ye, who in small bark have following sailed,  
Eager to listen, on the adventurous track  
Of my proud keel, that singing cuts her way,  
Backward return with speed, and your own shores  
Revisit; nor put out to open sea,  
Where losing me, perchance ye may remain  
Bewilder'd in deep maze . . . .

• • • • •  
Ye other few, who have outstretched the neck  
Timely for food of angels, on which here  
They live, yet never know satiety;  
Through the deep brine ye fearless may put out  
Your vessel; marking well the furrow broad  
Before you in the wave, that on both sides  
Equal returns."

CARY'S *Dante*, par. ii.



consider the two sciences, philosophy and theology, as only two different methods of arriving at the same conclusion, two different roads to one end, the "Paradiso" will always afford food for meditation of the highest order. And here the rare moderation which the author displays in keeping within the bounds of human capacity is worthy of especial remark. Having respect to the profound nature of his subject, he does not attempt to penetrate into hidden matters, or strive to comprehend what is purposely veiled from our eyes.

He is nevertheless determined that his poem shall contain all the sciences of the age, and therefore he founds it upon three systems, of which it is intended to be the exposition—philosophy, theology, and astronomy. With regard to philosophy, both natural and moral, that of Aristotle only was studied in the schools at that time. Dante was first instructed in it by his master, Brunetto Latini; he afterwards pursued these studies in the schools at Bologna, and never ceased adding to them during all the long years of his exile from his country. The fruits of his immense research appear in the "Divina Commedia," but chiefly in the two first parts; in the "Paradiso," however, philosophy gradually disappears, or rather expands into theology, the natural result of its teaching, and there this last and highest science finds its widest scope and attains its full development. Dante dwells upon the great truths of the Christian religion—the creation, the fall of man, the incarnation, the redemption and satisfaction, and the resurrection of the body; he reasons upon them with an accuracy and with a depth of thought which drew from the learned Salvini, in his letter to Redi, the following encomium:—

"Se volete saper la vita mia,  
Studiando io sto lungi da tutti pli uomini;  
Ed ho imparato più Teologia  
In questi giorni, che ho siletto Dante  
Che nelle Scuole fatto io non arria."

Aptly rendered by Cary—

"And dost thou ask what themes my mind engage?  
The lonely hours I give to Dante's page;  
And meet more sacred learning in his lines,  
Than I had gained from all the school divines."

Perhaps in some respects this may be considered the most remarkable feature in the poem, considering the time in which the author lived. So far as the other sciences were concerned Dante was able, with the assistance of the schools, to dive into their greatest depths and reproduce them in clear and concise forms in one of the noblest epic poems that ever was composed. But with theology it was different. Although it was professedly taught in the schools with the other sciences, it was then the policy of the Roman Church to keep men in profound ignorance. Any attempt at reasoning would have been fatal to many of her pretensions, and it was therefore imme-

diately suppressed at the expense of justice and humanity. In her sordid love of gain, even the exposition of the fundamental dogmas of the religion which she professed to teach were neglected.

"Per questo [says Dante], l'Evangelio e i dottor magni  
Son derelitti; e solo ai Decretali  
Si studia sì, che appare a' lor vivagni,  
A questo intende 'l papa e i cardinali;  
Non vanno i lor pensieri a Nazzalette,  
Là dove Gabriello aperse l'ali." \*

It is therefore a source of perpetual wonder that, in those days of compulsory ignorance upon this subject, Dante should have been able to place his finger upon the real cause of the shortcomings of the Roman Church. With a reasoning and philosophical mind, he discerned then what liberal-minded members of the Roman communion have only lately discovered—that the combination of the spiritual and temporal power was never intended, that the exercise of the spiritual power was crippled and thwarted by worldly motives attached to temporal possessions, which choked up the fountain of the Church's life and poisoned its source. In some of the most famous passages of the "Paradiso" Dante protests against the corrupt state of the Roman Church, and this we find put into forcible language by a modern poet, who, apostrophising Dante, observes:—

"Tu saettasti il Vaticano, e i sacri  
Sardanapali da l'altar, ingordi  
De la caduca signoria del mondo,  
Inesorato giustizier." †

Should the present crisis at Rome (October, 1870) have a favourable issue—that is to say, if indeed the resignation of the temporal power, so long possessed and so flagrantly misused, should, without diminishing the spiritual authority of the Patriarch of the Western Church, result in the reform of the Roman Church, upon the pattern of primitive and Catholic teaching—Dante's grand idea of her position, and of the influence which she ought to exercise on the temporal affairs of the world, when uncontaminated by their touch, will be realised, and a far nobler future may be in store for her than when, in her palmiest days of worldly prosperity, her throne was established upon ignorance and crimes.

We now reach the last of the three systems which form the groundwork of the poem—namely, astronomy. Here, still pur-

\* For this,

The gospel and great teachers laid aside,  
The decretals, as their stuff margins show,  
Are the sole study. Pope and cardinals  
Intent on these, ne'er journey but in thought  
To Nazareth, where Gabriel ope'd his wings."

CARY'S *Dante*, par. c. ix. 129 to 134.

† "Canti di Aleardo Aleardi," p. 118.

suing his system of explaining invisible things by things visible, Dante, by means of the material heavens, endeavours to represent to our minds the unseen world of bliss. Perhaps of all the allegories and metaphors which have ever been employed for the purpose of turning away our mind from the world and giving them a glimpse of heavenly things, the elaborate composition of the Italian poet, when carefully studied, is the most successful. The beautiful choice of language, the carefully selected metaphors, the vivid imagery suggested by a brilliant Italian imagination, all these at first surprise our minds into the belief of the wonderful conception presented to them, and the illusion once formed is preserved with consummate art. All the science the world was then capable of is brought in to convince our reason, and make a solid foundation on which to erect the fanciful and marvellous conceit. Even the method of progress through the heavenly spheres is adapted to strengthen at once the allegory and the illusion. Beatrice is drawn upwards by fixing her eyes first upon the sun, and afterwards, as she continues her ascending course, she lifts them higher and higher up to the throne of God, and Dante, by fixing his eyes upon hers, which at every stage of their progress seem to shine with increased brilliancy, is caught up together with her.

Dante marvels at their rapid flight, and it is explained to him by Beatrice in the following remarkable passage:—

"Le cose tutte quante  
Hann 'ordine tra loro : e questo è forma,  
Che l'universo a Dio fa somigliante.  
Qui veggion l'alte creature l'orma  
Dell' eterno valore, il quale è fine,  
Al quale è fatta la toccata norma.  
Néll' ordine ch' io dico sono accline  
Tutte nature per diverse sorti  
Più al principio loro, e men vicine :  
Onde si muovono a diversi porti  
Per lo gran mar dell' essere : è ciascuna  
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti."\*

That is to say, every created thing is destined for a distinct end, to which it gradually tends. With man this destination is heaven. It is, therefore, as natural a consequence as that the smoke should

\* "Among themselves all things  
Have order; and from hence the form, which makes  
The universe resemble GOD. In this  
The higher creatures see the printed steps  
Of that eternal worth, which is the end  
Whither the line is drawn. All natures lean,  
In this their order, diversely; some more,  
Some less, approaching to their primal source.  
Thus they to different havens are moved on  
Through the vast sea of being, and each one  
With instinct given, that bears it in its course."

CARX's *Dante*, par. c. i. 104—109.

mount upwards, that when freed from all hindrances such as sin, and the material incumbrances of the body which confine him to earth, his spirit should ascend to God who gave it.

To return to the astronomical side of the "Paradiso." It is scarcely necessary to observe that the Ptolemaical system of astronomy was the only one known in Dante's age.\* The "Paradiso" is, therefore, made to correspond exactly with that arrangement of the heavenly bodies. The earth is placed below, in the centre of the universe, and round it revolve, in perpetually increasing and ascending circles, the planets—the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Beyond these he places the starry sphere, or sphere of fixed stars; then the crystalline sphere, called also "il primo mobile," being the primary cause of motion of the other planets; and, last of all, the empyrean, which, in the opening stanzas of the "Paradiso," Dante tells us, partakes more largely of the light of God's immediate presence, and is termed the "cielo quieto," or immutable sphere.

It would have been impossible, taking into consideration the limited knowledge of the age, with its imperfect system of astronomy, to have formed a grander idea of the heavens than that which Dante unfolds to us. Its perfect symmetry is even more manifest when we consider its allegorical and scientific meaning. Proceeding from the centre to the circumference, and gradually increasing in width and in height, the revolving spheres represent the various stages of heavenly bliss, showing the gradations by which the highest may be obtained; and it is a curious fact that this metaphor was entirely adopted by the Jesuit preacher, Il Padre Segneri, in the seventeenth century. In his famous "Quaresimale," the sermon upon the text, "Domine bonum est nos hic esse," treats of the joys of heaven—"Al cielo, al cielo, fedeli miei devotissimi, al cielo, al cielo," are the opening words; and then, after pointing out to his congregation the "curioso viaggio che avete da fare nello spazio minore d'un ora," he exactly adopts the Dantesque arrangement of the spheres.†

It is hardly necessary to cite one of our most eminent divines to prove the truth of what Dante advances with respect to doctrine, although, with the characteristic difference between an English and an Italian mind, he does not attempt to describe the means by which these degrees of bliss will be established. Bishop Bull, in his sermon upon "the different degrees of bliss in heaven, observes: "There shall be degrees of bliss and glory in Christ's heavenly kingdom, and the more we abound in grace and good works here, the more abundant shall our reward be hereafter."‡ Still more modern preachers have

\* For further particulars respecting the Ptolemaical system, see Lewis's "Astronomy of the Ancients," chap. iv. sec. 10.

† Segneri "Quaresimale." Predica x. s. iv.

‡ Bishop Bull's Sermons. Sermon vii., p. 127.

urged that "as the righteous may go from strength to strength here, so hereafter they may go from glory to glory, as one star differeth from another star in glory," which exactly coincides with the prevailing idea of the "Paradiso."

Dante's powerful mind and fertile imagination, not content with this one interpretation of his subject, took pleasure in working out also another theory, elaborately scientific. He makes the stages of good, whereby we ascend to perfection in the heavenly spheres, correspond with the various sciences which we use as steps in the acquisition of wisdom. Thus the seven first heavens answer to the "Trivio" and "Quadrivio," the seven sciences taught in the schools at that time. Grammar to the lunar sphere, logic to the planet Mercury, rhetoric to the planet Venus, arithmetic to the Sun, music to the planet Mars, geometry to the planet Jupiter, astrology to the planet Saturn. In the "Trivio" were comprised the three first sciences, which were looked upon as the minor sciences; in the "Quadrivio" the four last. The remaining spheres were allotted in the following manner:—Physics and metaphysics to the starry sphere; moral philosophy to the crystalline sphere (or "primo mobile"); theology to the empyrean. The reasons for this fanciful and curious arrangement are to be found in the "Convito," and, briefly stated, are these. There are three analogies between the planets and the sciences:—

1. Both revolve round an immovable centre. Each of the movable spheres revolves upon its own axis, which remains fixed, and each science presupposes a subject which is the centre of its learning and research.

2. The second similitude lies in the light cast by the one and the other. Each sphere illuminates visible things, and each science throws additional light upon intelligible things.

3. Both conduce to the ultimate perfection of things. All philosophers agree in thinking that the heavenly bodies conduce to perfection in the generation of material things. In like manner it is by the aid of science that we are able to penetrate so far into speculative truth, in the attainment of which lies our ultimate perfection.

As we advance from one science to another in the pursuit of knowledge, the doubts and uncertainties which obscure our intellects vanish like the clouds before the sun. Dante employs the most delicate and transparent metaphor to describe this gradual unfolding of our minds to the truth, in representing the increased beauty of the expression and smile of his guide, Beatrice, as they mount from sphere to sphere. The light in her eye being the light which wisdom casts upon the mind, and the beauty of her smile the persuasions which wisdom employs, by pointing to the inward contentment and satisfaction arising from the acquisition of knowledge. This, moreover, has a double application when we consider that Beatrice is the impersonification of

theology; and the metaphor which represents her increasing in beauty and perfection as she continues her upward flight into the Divine Presence, is intended to convey the idea that the nearer we approach the ineffable subject of our contemplation through the study of theology, the greater the peace and calm satisfaction which diffuse themselves in our souls.

Such is the brief outline of the general scope and plan of the "Paradiso." It can, however, only faintly indicate its real beauty, having skimmed but lightly over the surface of the vast depths of thought contained in the poem.

It is the opinion of the Italian critics that the versification and style of the "Paradiso" cannot fail to inspire the reader with a delight that surpasses all belief; and it is only necessary to remove some of the difficulties which have hitherto veiled its meaning to verify the words of another famous Italian poet, that

"Il vero condito in molli versi  
I più schivi, allettando, ha persuaso."

C. M. PHILLIMORE.

At  
frie  
foot  
thro  
per  
clas  
was  
Sira  
pub  
poet  
of t  
of o  
whic  
ther  
com  
thro  
still  
conv  
real  
new  
elem  
asso  
of t  
the  
the  
thos  
desi  
the  
from  
to h  
and  
the  
again  
broa  
worl  
upon  
rolli

## A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

---

AT the beginning of the year of grace, 1848, a young literary friend and fellow-student of the writer's, having travelled partly on foot and partly otherwise across Belgium and France, and down through Italy, seeing Rome and Naples by the way, took a passage per Malta steamer; and after being safely conveyed through the old classical dilemma, but nautical bagatelle, of Scylla and Charybdis, was landed at the ancient city of Syracuse, or, more modernly, Siragoza. Having, as is the fashion with youthful idealists just now, published a maiden volume containing one considerably large mystical poem referring to times unknown, and various smaller lyrics breathing of the present, sufficiently musical, E—— had only escaped the Scylla of obscurity to be thrown on the Charybdis of a certain critical notice, which to a sensitive mind was perhaps more disagreeable. He was, therefore, probably the more inclined to undervalue the dangers commemorated by Virgil, as well as the actual difficulties of a tour through countries at that time on the eve of unprecedented changes still developing. It was a great refreshment to get rid of all the conventional and literary monotonies of home, and bury oneself in realities, vividly unfolded on every hand, in forms varying at each new step, like the shapes in a kaleidoscope, made up of the same elements, but endlessly combined. With all the force of classical associations, he had satisfied his eyes by gazing on glorious remnants of the past, that translated dead languages of Greek and Latin into the living universal characters of human emotion, and that realised the shadowy chronicles of history. At the same time had he found those who dwelt amongst fragments and relics all brooding over new desires, themselves almost startled with the longing for change; and the young poet's romance of the Past did not prevent his optimism from sympathising with an expectation of the Future which seemed to have spread over Europe like an epidemic. As terrible to rulers and traditional systems as the plague, that persevering old coaster of the Mediterranean, they seemed as anxious to establish quarantine against the one as against the other. And when, at Syracuse, the broad blue reach of that ancient sea, consecrated to liberty and the working out of national destinies for the world, for the first time burst upon him as far as the eye could extend eastward, every broad wave rolling into the harbour seemed to bring with it a resistless might of



freedom, and a testimony to the fates of man. Never ebbing and never flowing, more beautiful than other seas, it had the august permanence of an idea, which, though requiring ages to be worked out, remains steadfastly before the inward sight; beyond it, along the distant line of waters, still at noonday appeared to hang the eastern radiance. The enthusiastic apostrophe of Byron, after his pilgrimage, recurred to him—

“Once more upon the ocean—yet once more!”—

and our young traveller longed to get free for awhile from all temporary details and encumbrances of land, to meditate *there* upon all he had seen and prognosticated, by the light of reason and imagination. Greece, too, the source of manhood and nursery of beauty, lay hidden by these rolling waves; while, still farther yet, the Oriental sky, even as in the days of Abraham and Ishmael, encircled its camels, tents, and palm-trees.

A large and noble two-decker was lying at anchor off the mouth of the fine harbour of Syracuse, somewhere about the place probably where Archimedes, with his immense burning-glasses, set the Roman besieging fleet on fire. The British ensign hung from her mizen-peak, however, significant of a good deal of important history since then transacted; and for the first time in his life E— felt the thrill of national pride which a Briton, cosmopolite though he may be, cannot help experiencing at sight of the flag which “has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.” He cannot reach the edge of the wide waters without falling upon some token of his mother-land’s protecting power. The vessel was, he found, her Majesty’s ship of the line *Sansdoute*, whose French name, as is frequently the case, indicated at the same time British success against its hereditary foe; the *Sansdoute* having been either taken from the French or built upon a captured model, and theoretical construction not seeming to be the point in which the latter need yield the palm to their rivals. The boats of the eighty-gun ship were at the watering-place, a recess on one side of the town, pleasantly fringed by trees; but from her general appearance, the absence of her upper yards, the peculiar trimness of every spar and line, with the green look of her anchor-cable, and the manner in which she lay towards her buoy, a sailor would have said she had been there a considerable time. Ships of war, in time of peace, and in the Mediterranean, are proverbially indisposed to leave any port they may have contrived to get into. As for the *Sansdoute*, her captain, first lieutenant, and all the “idlers,” went almost every day shooting snipe in the low marshy ground near Syracuse; riotous parties of her seamen, with “*Sansdoute*” in bright letters on front of their liberty-hats, were mixed with the indolent groups of natives through the streets, who seemed to have nothing to do but choose out the sunniest or the shadiest spots, according to

their  
Mid  
the  
cud  
rece  
a da  
Syr  
of M  
Ear  
wh  
wav  
Plat  
fugi  
foun  
thei  
on t  
flutt  
N  
the  
his  
and  
no  
offi  
nise  
alth  
In  
nish  
amu  
lieut  
pres  
una  
next  
be  
was  
him  
and  
goo  
an  
mos  
cot  
tino  
men  
C  
hea  
nav  
pos

their fancy, and eat figs or macaroni when they could get them. Midshipmen on mules, careering up and down the narrow lanes at the highest pace their animals could be stirred up to by spur and cudgel, alternated with sauntering monks not at all too proud to receive alms; so that town and ship appeared to be well met. In a day or two E—— had seen most of the memorable things about Syracuse—the ancient Amphitheatre, half cut out of rock; the Temple of Minerva, turned into a cathedral; the whispering cavern, called the Ear of Dionysius, which on one side listens still to the empty hollow where the tyrant's captives pined, and on the other to the murmuring waves and the blasts from the Mediterranean. The street which Plato entered in procession, and the quay where he embarked as a fugitive to be sold into slavery, lay below. Our traveller found the fountain of Arethusa still springing, but Sicilian girls were washing their clothes and gossiping beside it; bright-coloured garments spread on the wall to dry looked more vivid amidst the blue Italian air, and fluttered up in the evening breeze from the land.

Next morning E——, having nothing more to do, strolled out into the country to gather papyrus and consider his next movements. On his way he was overtaken by a sporting party from the *Sansdoute*, and the officers, seeing he was an Englishman, accosted him. He had no sooner turned round and replied, than he and one of the naval officers, who was second lieutenant of the *Sansdoute*, mutually recognised each other as old schoolfellows and later acquaintances, although E—— had not remembered the name of Graves's last ship. In a short time they were all on the best of terms; E—— was furnished with a spare fowling-piece, and shared in the sport and other amusements. On their return together to the town, when the second lieutenant had made known his friend's literary distinction and his present wish of seeing Greece and the Mediterranean, there was a unanimous invitation for him to share the ward-room mess. The next destination of the *Sansdoute*, when she did sail, was expected to be off the Dardanelles; and if the captain gave his consent, why there was no difficulty in the matter. Captain —— was not a literary man himself, but he read the *United Service Magazine*, Captain Marryat, and "Don Juan," besides being a gentleman, and able to afford a good table. Accordingly, when he heard that E—— was not only an M.A. but a poet, he sent to his hotel, by the second lieutenant, a most polite message of invitation to dinner, along with the offer of a cot on board her Majesty's ship *Sansdoute* on her sailing for Constantinople, which would be immediately after the arrival of some Government official or other from Gibraltar.

On the succeeding day E—— began to feel the time hang a little heavy on his hands, not being so skilled in gentlemanly idling as his naval friend, who, with all the experience of an old midshipman, proposed a boat-cruise along shore, and a select water-party for shooting,

fishing, bathing, swimming, smoking, and doing nothing, out of sight of the *Sansdoute's* lofty quarter-deck. After having spent the day in this cheerful and characteristic manner, they returned in the evening towards town. February though it was, in that region of summer the air had been hot all day, with a dead calm which rendered the sail of the boat useless; and as their Sicilian boatmen pulled slowly round the point, the gentle currents on the surface of the water were basking in the rays of the descending sun, while the Mediterranean lay broad and of a clear pale blue behind to the cloudless east. The sun was going down through a vista of clouds, broken into a thousand flakes, and burning like melted gold, in the west above Syracuse; dazzling rays, like spokes in the one wheel of a swift chariot, shot up over the flat tops and airy white walls of the town, and through the masts of shipping in the port, which was unusually crowded by late east winds and succeeding calm. To the left hand stretched the low line of flat marsh country, and on the right the mouth of the harbour, with its pier and its broken line of wooden stakes, half worn and crusted with weeds and shells; beside which lay the battered, sea-green hulk of some old dismasted vessel. In front towered up the huge hull of the *Sansdoute*, so vivid, strong, and stately, against the faint harbour with its blended forms and quaint tokens of decay; and in spite of the gorgeous light spread over these, all behind her the distant shipping looked like so many knots of reeds in the marsh, and the houses and spires like children's playthings. It was the spirit of the sea with all odds against that of the land, and the party in the boat gave vent to a unanimous "Hurrah! the old *Sansdoute* for ever, and a sea-going wind!" The eighty-gun ship, however, lay in the very same position as when they had left her, her head from shore, without a tide to swing it round as in an Atlantic roadstead; the open gun-ports on her main and lower-deck tiers seemed to drink the air for coolness, and her upper spars appeared on fire with the sunset. The buoy over her anchor, and a larger one opposite the harbour mouth, lay quietly on their shadows without dipping, and the full blaze of evening slanted past them. In the shadow of the ship the keen eddies of the surface looked green, then glanced into the sun; nothing appeared on her decks except the sentries at the gangway, and the heads of two or three seamen looking over her hammock-nettings. A steamer beyond, which had recently come in, was dwarfed by comparison with the stately *Sansdoute*, whose ensign hung still motionless from her gaff. The sun dipped large and crimson behind the houses of Syracuse, a flash came out of one of the man-of-war's ports, and the sound of the evening gun boomed away to landward. As the boat approached the shore, though it was yet calm for a mile out, the north-western land-breeze was seen ruffling the waters of the Mediterranean outside, and the sea at a distance shaded off from bright blue into a horizon of deep purple. The Sicilian boatmen rested on

their oars, and, while they crossed themselves devoutly, muttered the first words of a vesper prayer. As the young poet watched the circles from the tinkling drops, and felt immersed in the luxury of an Italian twilight in the Mediterranean, they were startled by another gun from the *Sansdoute*. A blue flag, with a white square in its centre, was flying from her foretop-gallant masthead.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lieutenant Graves, "the Blue Peter! Why, the ship's going to sail!"

"By the powers, and she is!" said the Irish surgeon.

"Round with her, and put us aboard," said the lieutenant to the boatmen. "Oh, by-the-bye, E——," continued he next moment, "you've your traps to get. We must wait for you; but look sharp, for Heaven's sake, and we'll be in time to catch her by the time the anchor's speak."

In twenty minutes, accordingly, they were scrambling up the side of the *Sansdoute*, just as the eighty-gun ship, with topsails set, was cast clear of her anchorship and began to move slowly away from shore. The topgallant sails, royals, flying-jib, and spanker, all unfolded together, and were sheeted swiftly home, without a sound but the chirping of ropes in the blocks; the broad courses fell as she felt the breeze, and spread bellying out over her white decks, till the water plashed under her bow, and the gleaming wake astern lengthened out towards the dusk along by Syracuse. The eastern moon, looking as large almost as the wheel of the *Sansdoute*, rose right opposite her figure-head, in the clear sky over against the last bloody streaks that died out behind the church spires of the receding harbour; and classical associations made it look like the silver axis of that mighty chariot whose golden arc had just disappeared, driving once more unequal with the fiery haste of Phaëton, Apollo's unhappy son. When the bright disk had climbed again into sight between the headsails of the ship, the broad forefront of her immense canvass swelled into the first gush of moonshine; the rest was covered with soft depth of shadow, except where a still whiter light, shaped into so many crescents by the form of the sails, pierced through their openings, and undulated across the deck, the spars, and uppercloths behind. The breeze freshened, and the figure-head of the eighty-gun ship—a female form stepping forward, and pointing with one naked arm, while she drew her robe around her with the other, and half looked back—rose out of the dark mouldings of the bow like a white Nereid showing the track over the azure ways to the lost land of antiquity. The proud enchantment of the scene, in that first watch at sea, was unutterable. E—— walked the larboard quarter-deck with his friend the second lieutenant, stopping at every turn to look along through the ship's spars, and up into the complicated tracery of her rigging, as she bowed ever and anon slightly over; he could feel both the reality of the present and the imaginative solemnity of the past, for it was as

if modern power and mechanical skill went with him to shed light upon the mysterious grace and wisdom of early time.

In the morning watch, at seven bells, E—— found the *Sansdoute* dashing gallantly to the south-east, with a brisk breeze on her larboard beam that made even the huge mass of the two-decker lean over, and gave a pleasant slope to her decks. She had just cleared out of a squall with rain, which saved the trouble of washing decks, and the eluded-up topgallant sails and royals were being sheeted home again. The Mediterranean now wholly extended its wide circle round her, of a deep purple ; but there was no need of going to the compass to see how she headed ; one-half of the horizon was edged by a keen rim of light, a silvery and liquid radiance, beyond which the sky was visibly growing more transparent every moment. On the larboard bow it appeared absolutely about to burst into flame, and some threads of cloud, high up, were melting away like the last fragments of gold in a crucible, while the mist of the recent squall sank smitten into purple in the west. The crimson arch of the sun shot above the water, every wavetop glittered ruby-colour ; the hollows rose up, bearing a shadow of purple amethyst, and exchanged it for the ruddy glow ; their edges shone with the fairy green of emerald, and little rainbows danced and vanished with the spray from the ship's forefoot. But as the sun mounted higher and higher, losing his morning pomp, like heralds and courtiers falling into the train behind, then the customary blue of its peculiar tint spread over the whole broad circle, and the waves swelled up to their feathery white crests in the hue of opal. To a sailor's eye, as E—— discovered, the clear, sparkling colour of the Mediterranean was quite distinguishable from the deeper and inherent blue of tropical seas, whose pale sky, more *light* than colour, embraces them in vivid contrast, giving the huge immensity of ocean with palpable awfulness to the eye. Here the ethereally-pure atmosphere ascended in *shape* above the deep, but scarcely differed in *hue* from the element that seemed to reflect every change in it ; now, indeed, it was the sky, with its beautiful intensity, that had the profound look of ocean drawn up into its central vault, whilst the sea had the surface-light of heaven mirrored on its bosom. In the east it was the clearer and spiritual Greek of twilight and dawn ; while to the west, in the young poet's fancy, came out the passionate depth, the voluptuous flush of Italian sense ; and such fantasy of sacred blue or daring red as the old masters loved for their pictures, was contrasted in their very skies with the colder and chaster serenity of the pagan sculptors. He seemed to feel, comparing the evening with the morning, how Dante and Raphael were so different from Sophocles and Praxiteles.

All this time nobody except the captain knew why the *Sansdoute* had sailed so suddenly, or where and for what she was going. The steamer which brought the orders came from Malta instead of Gibraltar, and it was rumoured about decks that the admiral, with

his r  
Arch  
had  
in an  
tion  
squa  
were  
steer

It  
prese  
three  
she c  
wind  
strug  
wors  
that  
upon  
the v  
calcu  
ginia  
for  
" the  
" at  
for i  
betw  
thin  
cuts  
his  
besi  
San  
whic  
have  
ever  
mor  
fiery  
driz  
ligh  
a r  
qua  
ever  
tanc  
falli  
qua  
or r  
hug  
min

his ninety-gun flagship and a frigate, had already sailed for the Archipelago on particular business. Some had heard that France had declared war, others that Louis Philippe had been beheaded in another revolution, and a republic proclaimed along with destruction to all monarchs. At any rate, it was supposed that the French squadron was then "up the Arches," as sailors say, so that all hands were kept alive with speculation as to how the course would be steered on getting off Candia.

It was only for a short time, however, that the Mediterranean preserved the pleasant aspect E—— had first seen it in. For two or three days the *Sansdoute* had a variety of weather, in spite of which she continued pretty well to lie her course, now rolling before the wind, now careering over with it hot and heavy on her beam, again struggling hard against it, with a chopping head-sea. It was one of the worst times of the year for experiencing the well-known caprice of that variable basin, which, like an enlarged mountain lake, is opened upon by so many ravines and funnel-like passages, that treasure up the wind, and let it down with double force. It was thus, certainly, calculated to train good sailors, such as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians; but the natives to this day have an unconquerable preference for coasting and dodging round headlands, like their ancestors; "they are better," as the Irish surgeon of the *Sansdoute* observed, "at knowing the *diagnosis* of a disease in the air than in prescribing for it." "Why, yes," said the second lieutenant, "the difference betwixt them and a regular seaman lies in this—the one lets everything go by the run, sends for shelter, and, if it comes to a gale, he cuts away spars and canvass; the other stands up and manages to lie his course as near as may be, and save himself, with sticks and cloth besides!" The widest stretch of the Mediterranean lay where the *Sansdoute* was, between the Gulfs of Venice and Sidra, an expanse on which the winds from the Desert and those from the Apennines have room to grow into steady gales, and the mouth of the Archipelago every now and then pours forth a furious "Levanter." She was once more under all sail, though with a black sea heaving astern against a fiery-red streak or two that marked the place of sunset. The day's drizzle of rain had ceased, and the strong breeze had suddenly fallen light. The horizon away on her larboard bow began to whiten, like a ragged edge where the circle had been broken; the sky in that quarter after a few minutes was like smoke, though without a cloud, even the stars looking out above. Sea and sky blended in the distance into one line of keen white mist; and, while the *Sansdoute* was falling off, with her helm put hard up, two men at the wheel and a quartermaster grinding round the spokes, a tremendous "greggale," or north-easter, came thundering down into her broad canvass. The huge frame of the eighty-gun ship reeled with the shock; all for a minute was apparent confusion, cluing-up topgallant sails, letting go

the topsail halliards, and the men on the yard calling out to each other at the earings, while the *Sansdoute* drove off before it on a heavy sea. As soon as the yards were braced up, however, and all made snug, she was close-hauled on the wind; the blast shrieked along through her rigging, and masses of white water came slapping against her strong weather-bow, with a plash that sent the spray as high as her cat-heads, while she forced them heavily away, and went rolling up on the breast of a sea. The hammocks had been piped down, and the watch set; it was quite dry and snug on deck, and as E—— and the second lieutenant, wrapped in their pilot coats, looked comfortably over the quarter-deck bulwarks, they enjoyed the scene together. The ship, with her mighty panoply gathered up, and canvass reduced for the battle with the elements, seemed statelier even than before. The lieutenant said she would have been easier in a similar gale in the Atlantic, where the surges had a heave and a breadth more fit to lift the old *Sansdoute*; the Mediterranean, on the contrary, had not sweep enough for rising beyond a short back and a cross break, which gave the two-decker no time to rise before it burst, while a second wave came smash upon her from the other side. "Only hear how she strains and jolts," said Graves. "Sometimes in winter this sea is only fit for frigates, though in a summer breeze, with stunsails, bowling up for 'the Arches,' give me the Mediterranean for a happy cruise. We only want war then to make it a perfect paradise—the time a sailor looks back upon, from the line or the Indian Ocean, as a boy does to his school-days! Certainly the *Sansdoute* is to be pitied just now—'tis these short pitches that break the back of her, and only a capful of wind after all! 'Twixt Cape Finisterre and the Gulf Stream, now, instead of close-reefed topsails and main-trysail, we should have only double-reef and the driver set, with long combing ridges of a sea that would do you good to look at. Let's have you there some day in the old craft, E——, my boy, and from a gale to a hurricane, till you lie to in the trough or drive under bare poles, you may see up the weather-scale for a whole fortnight!" Through the whole of the following day, however, the eighty-gun ship had plenty to do with the wind and water, making harder work of it than a smaller vessel would have done; the "greggale" continued roaring furiously out of the north-east, as if old *Æolus* in his caverns had made another bargain with Juno against Neptune and the *Sansdoute*. The sky was quite clear above, and coldly azure, except where a thin white dust seemed to be scattered in handfuls from windward, with the blue Mediterranean turned to gloomy black, and a thick spray rising on the opposite sides of the billows, as under the hoofs and chariot-wheels of an invisible host. At length the force of the gale was spent; in its place came the west-wind, thick and wet, but soft in its temperature; and the *Sansdoute*, driven far to



leeward, yet opposite to the coast of ancient Crete, bore up to shape a course for the entrance of the Archipelago.

For the next day and a half, with the breeze mostly on her larboard beam or quarter, the ship-of-war ran up the waters of that memorable sea. It was usually, however, so hazy at a distance that E—— in vain looked out to catch a glimpse of some far-off headland which might belong to Lacedæmon or Argolis; and often a blue cloud relieved from the horizon was for the moment translated into some classic cape, on which the gleam of sunshine mimicked the ruined fragments of a Temple of the Winds, or pillars sacred to Neptune. At night the look-out men on the fore-yard were unusually watchful, and were hailed by the officer of the watch every quarter of an hour; the master, an old Mediterranean navigator, had the charts at his finger-ends, pointing out the ship's place. The *Sansdoute* began to stretch on long tacks up amongst the Cyclades, and as the weather cleared, ever and anon, she was leaning over on the brisk waves with her head towards some indistinct promontory, or azure mountain, that grew sharper out from its faint atmosphere into light and shadow, —when, presto! the provoking order passed along to “go about.” At times they seemed to have got within some land-locked bay, where the shores, rising on each hand into peaks and shoulders, promised the sight of some white-walled city, sheltered at the end, its green olives mingling with the flat-topped buildings, and a rock crowned by a citadel, perhaps, beyond. The dim ravines wrinkled the mountain-breasts more deeply, the shadows of white clouds were seen quietly stealing down, the very woods, the rocks, and the gleaming sea-beach became distinct; but then the distant land suddenly opened, the bare sky looked between the head sails of the ship; and, bending loftily over as she lost the lee-side, her foaming track grew quicker, the spray leapt against the burst of blue light, while the *Sansdoute* stood through into a new expanse of dancing waves. Thus did she run with a fair wind, her broad topsails swelling full, and maincourse hauled up, along the bending coast of Paros, where the marble quarries, from which Greek sculptors hewed the gods and heroic man, could now and then be seen by the telescope, gleaming out of some mountain slope; and dark rocks crowned by the bare winter olive trees stood for a moment against the sky, where the edge of the Mediterranean was washing up beneath. Then, too, the island of Delos hove up on the larboard bow, black as ink with the gloom of a squall, which sent the stately two-decker tossing to seaward on its dark surges; while a couple of crazy-looking Levant brigs, dingy and unsightly enough to see in the grey mist, were scudding with mere rags of sail towards the shelter of a point. It was the sacred Delos, where the yearly trireme came from Athens to pay honour to the god; the bark during whose absence Socrates could be spared the cup of hemlock, to discourse in prison with his friends concerning

immortality; and which, when it was welcomed with shouts into the Piræus, and crowned with garlands, was the signal for his words to cease, as the sun dropped behind the hills of Attica.

One morning early, the dawn was just breaking purely over the sea astern; the enchanting colours of the Archipelago already seemed to rise again, like an element asleep all night, from the hollow of every purple-sided wave to its crest, and the waters glittered in all their beauty; when our voyager—who had been silently watching what appeared to be a large azure cloud on the starboard bow, half-hidden by the fore-tack and chequered by the shrouds and knotted ratlines—uttered an exclamation of surprise. The sharp summit of a distant mountain, tipped with snow, had caught the morning radiance, and shone like a star above the blue mass. It was land; but a thin shroud of ragged and misty vapour actually spread across it, and now seemed the two wings of some golden-crowned phantom ascending from the deep.

"What land is that, Mr. Wilkes?" inquired E—— of the master, who was looking at it from the quarter-deck along with the second lieutenant.

"'Tis the island of Samos, sir," said the master, who was a rough-spun old seaman, like sailing-masters in general. "A bad berth for a lee-shore, with a Levanter coming down on you, and you close-hauled to weather that same point, as I've found myself before now."

"Samos, we used to call it in the Greek class at school, you know, E——," remarked the lieutenant.

"Samos!" ejaculated the young poet, breathlessly, "where Pythagoras was born—and the goddess Juno—and where—"

"Belay there, E——," said the lieutenant, "if you don't want Wilkes to go down in a fright and call the captain."

"Well, but look for a moment at that cloud, Graves!" said the poet. "See, it has risen slowly out of the mist, and looks like a figure stretching its arm over the sea, while the sunlight strikes on its head like gold!"

"Yes," said the officer. "What of it? So it does."

"What a coincidence! Do you remember the story of King Polycrates of Samos, who was always so fortunate that he wanted to have some ill-luck, and threw his precious ring into the sea. Shortly after a fisherman brought it back, having found it in one of his fish; and the guest of the King was so terrified that he embarked at once and left him, as one reserved for some dreadful fate. Polycrates, too, was crucified in the end by a Persian satrap. Couldn't you fancy, now, that yonder cloud was the King of Samos, with the faces of his guest and courtiers watching him solemnly from the mist?"

His friend laughed at this characteristic imagination, and the master stared, now at the island, and now at the poet. He pricked up his ears, however, and opened his weather eye, at E——'s next observation.

"  
Athe  
Syrac  
"  
long  
"  
Th  
many  
"  
shore  
"  
be?  
they  
sir?  
"  
stairs  
of a s  
doute,  
"  
He  
naval  
from a  
was h  
"  
said th  
"  
backed  
sailing  
"  
old blu  
"  
idea of  
head.  
"  
with th  
do after  
"  
more, a  
captain  
the hos  
"  
note, th  
"  
ever he  
—just l  
"  
The

"By the way," said the latter, "this was the station of the Athenian fleet in the war against all Peloponnesus, with Persia and Syracuse to boot."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the master. "Might I ask how long ago was that, sir?"

"Considerably above two thousand years."

The master gave vent to a long whistle. "They couldn't have many ships in them days, sir."

"A hundred triremes or so must have been cruising off these very shores."

"*Triremes?*" inquired Mr. Wilkes, "what sort of craft may they be?" and his astonishment grew incredulous on being informed they were three-deckers "Three or four times the British navy, sir?"

"They were only long galleys," continued E——, "each with three stairs of oars slanting one behind the other, fifteen or so altogether of a side, and very different, I daresay, from the height of the *Sans-doute*, Mr. Wilkes?"

"Curious!"

He went on. "It was here the most remarkable events in ancient naval history occurred. The city of Athens at home suddenly veered from a republic to aristocratic government, but the other half of Athens was here, and it stood out on the sea for popular liberty."

"Something like the Mutiny at the Nore and Spithead, probably," said the lieutenant.

"Exactly. They were fighting for life against military Sparta, backed by a general alliance; and yet they were on the point of sailing home to Athens and destroying their own country."

"Sailors' rights for ever!" said the officer, laughing, "and the old blue sea."

"I was a boy at the time," said the master, brightening up at the idea of soundings in such a dark matter, "but I remember it at Spithead. The first ship to refuse getting up anchor was the——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Wilkes," said the lieutenant, "take a turn with that piece of old junk, we know the yarns! Well, what did they do after all, E——?"

"Alcibiades all of a sudden left the enemy, hoisted his flag once more, as you say, on board a first-rate trireme, made a speech to the captains on his quarter-deck, and they went out soon after against the hostile fleet."

"*Alcibides?*" inquired Mr. Wilkes; "and was he an admiral of note, then?"

"Yes," said Lieutenant Graves; "a fellow that always beat, whatever he did, but somehow always either cruising ashore or in disgrace—just half-way between Sir Sidney Smith and Lord Cochrane."

"There you're on known waters again, Mr. Graves," said the

master. "Why, you'd have me to believe, though, that everything's happened somehow or another before. Like an old skipper I knew, would keep telling you, at aught strange, how it 'ad turned out 'dentially the same exactly twenty thousand six hundred years ago, and he had a hand in it!"

"Well," resumed the poet, full of the subject, as the bright waves undulated before him, and the heights of Samos were stealing out by degrees to the swift course of the ship, "one day the Peloponnesian fleet, of sixty triremes, was cruising round a point up the Dardanelles, off their port of Cyzicus, watching a race between two galleys, or practising the Attic mode of breaking the line. The island of Preconnesus loomed dark to windward, and a squall came on with heavy rain, as Xenophon has recorded in his flowing Greek. The Spartan admiral, as usual, put out oars and made for harbour, when the weather suddenly cleared, and the glittering beaks of sixty-six Athenian triremes were seen coming down over the blue waves of the Propontis from seaward, the spray flashing from their sharp prows, and their long sweeps spreading on each side. Mindarus had scarce decided whether to fight or fly, when he perceived twenty more gliding along with both sail and oar, between him and the land, to cut him off from Cyzicus. He ran in double column for the shore, in order to get out and form the Lacedæmonian phalanx, as the Spartans were always rather soldiers afloat than seamen; but they were just hauling up their stranded vessels amongst the spray and the confusion, when the owls'-heads of the Attic triremes glared high above the Peloponnesian sterns, and Alcibiades in his brazen armour leaped at the head of his men from deck to deck. Swords flashed against each other, and the bloody tumult mingled along the foaming beach, till Mindarus was slain, the Spartans fled, and Alcibiades, hoisting his masts again, led out the whole hostile fleet in triumph to sea. Like the French after Trafalgar, they had not one ship to put with another, and Athens ruled the waters alone. As for the Syracusans, they burnt theirs to ashes, rather than fall into the hands of their bitterest foe."

"Danes, Dutch, French, and Spanish over again, you see, Wilkes," observed the second lieutenant.

"By George!" said the master, "'tis a rum yarn! But, howsoever, the decks are washed down, and there's the captain's steward. Bo'sun's-mates, pipe down, there, to breakfast!"

The captain now came on the quarter-deck, and walked the star-board side by himself. The hills of Samos were opening clearly out, and on the blue slope of one, E—— beheld with ecstasy, for the first time, the white pillars of a ruined temple gleaming to the sun. Inexpressibly beautiful they looked, amidst the deep-coloured purple void of an Ionian sky—last remnants of the fame of tutelary Juno, called, as the master informed E——, "the *Columes*." Beyond them, as the ship stood swiftly on, appeared to her lofty poop the scattered fragments of ancient Samos, and then the white houses of Cora, the

prin  
red-  
suds  
batt  
seav  
chee  
indi  
frige  
Orie  
ing  
the  
N  
Gulf  
in th  
ping  
clou  
woo  
to l  
pale  
and  
harb  
mom  
over  
deck  
capt  
large  
had  
for v  
sence  
stea  
of ha  
of th  
of th  
taini  
deck  
barg  
E—  
of th  
sulat  
expe  
of ex  
appa  
were  
and  
riggi  
all, a  
appe

principal city of the island. Some Greek fishing-boats, with their red-capped crews, were dancing merrily in before the breeze; but suddenly, on rounding a point, rose up the huge hull of a line-of-battle ship, her topsails just being sheeted home, her head casting to seaward after weighing anchor. The triple tier of ports along her chequered broadside, and the blue admiral's flag at her mizen, directly indicated her Britannic majesty's ninety-gun ship *Orion*. The attendant frigate was already standing to sea in the north-western board. The *Orion* signalled the *Sansdoute*, and both ships were shortly after bearing away upon the larboard tack towards the straits betwixt Scio and the Asiatic coasts.

Next morning the three British men-of-war lay at anchor in the Gulf of Smyrna, whose white mass of buildings spread before them in the narrow curve of the bay—its gaudy flags, its numerous shipping, and its old castle on the hill above, all steeping in the clear, cloudless heat of an Eastern heaven. Far behind stretched villages, woods, and palm-trees into the atmosphere of pure light that seemed to leave nothing unexposed—every distant outline cut against the pale horizon as in a transparency. The sea-breeze was dying away, and the deep-blue ripples, plashing gently on every vessel in the harbour, began to sink into an oily calm; the heat grew every moment more oppressive, the glare of walls at a distance, and of canvas overhead, wearied the eye, and awnings were rigged on every quarter-deck. But something else seemed to arrest the attention of the naval captains, who were on board the flagship watching the motions of five large men-of-war at anchor on the other side of the roadstead. They had the French tricolour hanging at their mast-heads—the squadron for which Sir —— had been on the look-out, but whose presence at Smyrna he was not fully aware of till daybreak. A large steam-frigate was in sight coming up the Gulf, and the heavy strokes of her paddle-wheels already began to be heard over the hot stillness of the bay. In three-quarters of an hour she came-to in the middle of the anchorage, hoisted French colours, and sent out a boat containing several officers to the largest of their men-of-war, a three-decker, distinguished by an admiral's flag. At noon Sir ——'s barge went ashore, followed by the other captains' gigs; our friend E—— was favoured with a place in that of the *Sansdoute*. Groups of the Smyrnist merchants were assembled near the various consulates and about the quays, speculating on the important news expected from France, and which had evidently, from sundry tokens of excitement, been communicated to the naval squadron. This was apparently spreading to the French merchant vessels in port; shouts were heard from their crews, boats went backwards and forwards, and in a short time every peak and mast-head, every vacant line of rigging, was ornamented with colour; the tricolour predominated over all, and was repeated again and again fore and aft. All their seamen appear to have got a liberty-day, for they came up the quays and

town in a body, bearing the tricolour on high, and shouting, "Vive la République!" "A bas les Bourbons!" "La Liberté, la Fraternité, et l'Egalité!"

A grim and solemn silence, however, in the meantime continued on the decks of the French men-of-war; the officers on shore and in the *Sansdoute* could see with their glasses similarly-engaged officers on their quarter-decks; it was almost like knocking your telescope into a gentleman's eye, and feeling inclined to beg pardon, till he suddenly returns the compliment. The British boats on their return passed slowly under the quarter galleries of the French line-of-battle ship, and the two admirals exchanged compliments, refraining, however, from allusion to the great topic or the news of the day. In a short time the evening breeze had begun to come gently off the land, and the French squadron was seen to be weighing in succession to go out. First two frigates, then a beautiful fifty-gun ship, a seventy-four, and lastly the three-decker, set their topsails, cast round to seaward, and stood slowly away for the opening of the Gulf, spreading every stitch of canvas. Each ship in passing opposite the British anchorage fired a grand salute, hoisting the tricolour at every point, with the order of the colours reversed, and a loud shout of "Vive la République!" came from the whole crew at their stations.

"There's man-o'-war discipline for you!" said several of the British officers to each other.

"Gentlemen," said Captain — to those beside him, "Louis Philippe has abdicated—France is a Republic once more!"

"Well now, sir," observed Mr. Wilkes, the master of the *Sansdoute*, to Lieutenant Graves, alluding to the piece of history communicated by the poet in sight of Samos—"Well now, I didn't quite know what to make of that said yarn your author friend gave us; but as wonders don't seem never to cease, I don't see but what happens to-day might 'a happened two thousand years ago—ay, or twenty thousand, for that matter! I suppose now them Parleyvoos will be for sailing next without captains! But mutiny never prospers at sea nor ashore; an' as we beat 'em by discipline afore, why we'll beat them by discipline again."

The stately forms of the distant French ships appeared in a group against the yellow radiance of sunset, the cool dusk of an Oriental night was already settling over Smyrna, when, as the evening gun was fired from the flag-ship, E—— came on deck to take a walk with his friend, and talk over the remarkable event which was then convulsing Europe from one end to another. The young poet's anticipations of the future were large and sanguine; but with the Eastern stars above, and the gleaming waters spread liquid towards ancient Greece, while they remembered there tenderly the good things of their own land, these prophecies seemed, both from the past and from the inward soul of man, to be upheld and justified.

GEORGE CUPPLES.

## THE TEUTON BEFORE PARIS.

(From a Forthcoming Work.)

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

A DEPUTY FROM THE CITY.

CHANCELLOR.

YIELD up again those stolen provinces !  
Take counsel ! be the prince of peacemakers !  
For, let me say it in thy private ear,  
As one who knows thee nobler than thy cause,  
There is no other hope for France than this  
We proffer. We have bought this thing with blood ;  
Be wise, and yield it—lest with bitterer blood  
We buy the dearest flesh and blood of Gaul,  
And welding it as clay unto our will  
Pour into it a new and Teuton soul.

DEPUTY.

The threat is empty, for the soul is God's,  
A thing no man can take away or give.  
These souls are French, they have thriven on French air :  
Rather than swell your triumph with their lives,  
They would return to Him from whom they came.

CHANCELLOR.

Why, let them go ! The way to Him is short,  
Nor very tedious ; tho' it seems a way  
Ye French love little, loving so much more  
The windy breath with which ye flout your foe.  
Why, friend, we are no word-mongers, we twain ;  
Yet here, like market-women cheapening fish,  
We wrangle at each other to no end.  
I tell thee (shall I swear by anything ?  
I know your nation loveth a round oath !)—  
I tell thee we are fixed as adamant,  
Inexorable as the sea, and strong  
To exact our wish as is the thunderbolt  
That for a moment in the rain-cloud burns  
Before it strikes the affrighted reapers down.  
Two powers have wrestled—one is overthrown—  
How should the thrown man with his broken back  
Clutch to his heart the prize of victory,  
Mouth to the sun and moon and stars for aid,  
Scream havoc to the winds, summon the hosts  
Of earth and heaven to strike the victor down ?  
There is a victory in being vanquish'd  
Ye little understand. Did ever school-boy  
Howl so when whipt ? The world scream'd not so loud



When, like a swarm of locusts, like a cloud  
Of fiery pestilence, from the west to the east  
Ye overran the bleeding continents,  
And sowed in one man's miserable name  
The crop all living men are reaping now.

DEPUTY.

If I conceive thee, 'tis no sin of ours  
That ye avenge on the fair head of France,  
No crime of yesterday or yesteryear,  
No deeds of live men walking in the sun,  
But things long buried with the scourge of God  
In that forsaken island where he sleeps.

CHANCELLOR.

They would not lie, man!—from that lonely grave  
They have arisen again and yet again,—  
Até like, not to be laid by any charm,  
But sacrifice red steaming up to God  
From France, the altar in whose name he slew.

DEPUTY.

Yet Cæsar's triumphs were avenged on Cæsar:  
Remember Katzbach! Leipsig! Waterloo!

CHANCELLOR.

O we remember! The colossus fell,  
And from the throne of every living King  
A shadow passed; yet still with hungry eyes  
The hordes he had led glared hate across the Rhine,  
Till from the charnel-house of that great name  
Uprose in his due time the wordy Man  
Of Silence; round his feet the brute hosts leapt;  
And smiling a smooth smile he glanced the way  
They hunger'd. We were scattered, and we crouch'd  
Under the Austrian eagle. Then one day,  
A plain man, a deep fellow with a will,  
Rose, saying, "Craft for craft. The bird of prey  
Hovers too much above the German Rhine—  
'Ware Hawk! till he is trapt, there is no sleep  
For any of us poor creatures who love peace!"  
Then lo! the Vulture cried, "I am a Dove!"  
And croak'd the hoarse cry of Democracy.  
And when the soul of Italy arose,  
The Vulture struck the Austrian Eagle down,  
While all earth's kingdoms shook; then stretching his claws  
He hovered o'er the imperial walls of Rome  
And warned the victor back. Then that same man  
I spake of, looking very humbly on,  
Thought "Craft for craft! The Frenchman wins by craft,  
Not boldly, as the old French Eagle won!  
What Marshal Forwards to Napoleon was,  
Let me become to this the Man of Lies;  
With his own weapons let me vanquish him,

First in the secret chamber, then with steel  
Out in the light of the world !" So said, so done.  
Close to the Dotard Austrian for a time  
We crouch'd ; but we were gathering strength and ire,  
And one by one with the new Teuton soul  
We fell'd the scatter'd people of the Rhine.  
Then came the time to cast the Austrian off.  
'Twas done, we struck ; your foul bird scream'd in vain ;  
And lo ! with that one blow we felt our strength  
Flow from the soul and grow invincible. . . .  
There was a pause. . . . We saw the enemy  
Hovering afar, and ever gathering  
And darkening the mighty River's bank ;  
And year by year we waited for the storm  
We knew must break upon our heads at last.  
It came—no bigger than the prophet's hand—  
Then the tornado blowing from the west,  
So that the world cried, " God help Germany ! "  
And so God sent a wind out of the east,  
And all the storm and wrack and thunder-bolts  
Gathered in tumult o'er the Rhine. Behold !  
One from the east, the other from the west,  
Tornado met tornado. One huge crash—  
'Twas o'er ! the west recoil'd in blood and fire,  
Leaving the poor sing'd Vulture on the ground,  
Struck by the lightning, screaming, broken wing'd,  
Flapping to rise in vain. On went the storm,  
Driven less by sheer volition than the wind  
God sent to drive it east ; and still it sweeps,  
Still the earth groans and darkens under it,  
And still, as Canute cried unto the sea,  
Thou criest, " Pause ! " What, like a summer cloud  
Recoil, and leave ye fresher for our rain ?  
True, we have slain the evil-omen'd Bird,  
And in so far have bless'd, not punish'd France.  
Who follow'd his flat cry ;—but mark me, friend,  
The sworn foe of the Teuton is the Celt,  
Not the mere instrument their evil hands  
Could find whene'er they itch'd for butchery—  
For birds of prey abound, and it is easy  
To fashion leaders for such hosts as yours.  
But this time we will cram ye in a pen  
High as the Vosges, deeper than the Rhine,  
So that tho' all the brutes of earth should call,  
Tho' all the wild free beasts should roar their best,  
France pent within the prison of her own fields,  
Shall, like a tame thing, only roar again.

DEPUTY.

Yet think of mercy.

CHANCELLOR.

We are merciful.

DEPUTY.

Take pity.

CHANCELLOR.

We are very pitiful.

Our women wail and weep in every house,  
 Our babes are fatherless, our maiden flowers  
 Wither unpluckt on every village way.  
 Who says we are not pitiful?

DEPUTY.

The head

That wrong'd you is a serpent's head, and, bruised,  
 Is writhing underneath your armed heel;  
 The blood of both the Teuton and the Celt  
 Be on that head,—but we are innocent;  
 Uplift the knife from the poor lambs of France,  
 Spare them, for Christ's sake—let me shepherd them  
 To some sad fold of peace!

CHANCELLOR.

How call ye them?

Lambs? Lambs many-tooth'd and most omnivorous.  
 But yesterday they fed on our fair fields,  
 These lambs of yours, and what they fed upon  
 Left blood-stains on their mouths—ay, and in blood  
 They waded, gently driven for their drink.  
 Lambs? We shall draw the teeth of these same lambs,  
 Lest in a little season they may find  
 Another wolf to lead them.

DEPUTY.

My tongue fails,

And my heart sickens—courtesy is rank,  
 When I must listen to such words as these,  
 And pick my feeble speech for France's sake!

CHANCELLOR.

Pick nothing! Speak thy thought as man to man;  
 And criticise. I adore criticism.

DEPUTY.

It is all in vain. Ye are too fiercely bent  
 On blood and most unhallow'd revenge.

CHANCELLOR.

How now? Why, these are words for women. True,  
 I am a bugbear to the ancient dames  
 Of Europe, and the nations in their dread  
 Picture me cloven-footed; but do not thou,  
 A wise man in thy generation, echo  
 The stale, flat talk of fools! Am I a vampire  
 That I should love this blood? I love mine ease—  
 My wine—my mistress—all earth's tasty things,

In moderation—tho' I never suffer  
The cup to cloud my reason and my soul,  
Nor sell my manhood for a strumpet's kiss  
As ye have done in France. Yet I believe  
There are worse hues than that of blood, and Life  
More pitiful than Death; and I indeed  
Am your physician, tho' ye know me not.  
Sick, body and soul, ye have polluted earth,  
Ye have sown abroad that beauteous leprosy  
Whereof your artists and your poets die,  
And now in one supremest nobler hour  
Your revellers, from the lupanar called,  
Instead of sickening of a long disease  
And rotting in the arms of harlotry,  
Have passed in bloody martyrdom to God;  
And now the bitterest tears your eyes can weep  
Will not too freely purge your heated orbs  
Of their adulterous mist of lust and lies.  
These are worse things than dying! Things I deem  
More pitiful than Death! Instead of these,  
We gave ye sudden conscience flasht from grief,  
Fire for your Phrynes, and a naked sword!

## DEPUTY.

Then I, in France's name, for France's sake,  
Reject the shallow puritanic lie,  
And calling God to witness, hurl ye back  
The taunt and smile. The stale flat talk of fools  
Offends thy sense, yet how thou echoest it!—  
While ye ride rough-shod thro' the beauteous world,  
Like Cromwell's English troopers singing hymns,  
Not that your hearts are full of God at all,  
But that it helps your feet to march in tune,  
While to the God of David ye intone,  
Seeking the greenest ever even in God.  
We Frenchmen, subtly, delicately wrought,  
Feel Him so keenly in the sense and soul,  
Catch with so swift a sense of fragraney  
The divine truths of being, that our lives  
Become too rich for your rough utterance.  
Fairer of spirit and more exquisite,  
Subtler of sense, more sensual if thou wilt,  
We tremble in the beautiful world God made;  
Yea, loving Beauty for her own fair sake,  
Perceiving her so marvellously fair,  
In her we find an impulse and an end  
Beyond your stale and flat morality.  
Wherefore we seek to shape our very lives  
To beauty and to music, which ye deem  
The harlot's privilege and stock-in-trade;  
We plant within our simplest daily needs  
Spiritual greatness and divine desire;  
We stir to every wind of ecstacy;

We love no truth that is not beautiful;  
 Since Beauty is the highest truth of all,  
 The sum and end of human destiny.

CHANCELLOR.

The glory of a strong man is his strength,  
 But ye . . . why ye are triflers,—tho' I own  
 I like your novels—they are pleasant reading,  
 Most toothsome to the after-dinner taste.

DEPUTY.

O hear me! If a sneer could kill a race,  
 Then had ye Teutons died of Europe's sneer!  
 As ye abide so shall the French abide.  
 To you no delicate hue of law divides  
 Beauty from harlotry, for ye are dull,  
 And turn your hard-grain'd Gretchens to their use  
 As tamely as ye sow and reap your corn;  
 And unto you all rapturous sights and sounds,  
 All married interchange of sense and soul,  
 Are perilous, for ye fear the very Sun  
 May come upon your kitchen Danaës,  
 And breed you bastards in your own despite.  
 Nay, ye fear Beauty as some witch whose eyes  
 May hold you like Tannhauser in the hills.  
 While ye have trumpeted God's wrath abroad,  
 While ye have driven his strength into men's hearts,  
 As did the kings of ancient Israël,  
 We, we whom ye despised, have whispered low  
 God's secret; we have made the hand of Art  
 More reverent, human voice and instrument  
 More delicate, all sense of sight and sound  
 More cunning; one by one we have laid bare  
 The slender links that bind the soul of man  
 To all fair things whence it has grown and blown;  
 And we have guided you in your own despite:  
 For if ye sing, ye sing more tenderly,  
 And if ye dream, ye dream more beautifully,  
 And if ye pray, perchance unconsciously,  
 Ye blend into your prayer some beauteous sense  
 Unknown, until we Frenchmen sought it out.  
 All this we have done, and more, for Beauty's sake,  
 And this, forsooth, ye christen "harlotry!"  
 Ye are as Israël, and ye know no God  
 Unless He thunders; ye perceive no strength  
 Save when ye look upon a hurricane;  
 Your dry blood turns all beauty back to use,  
 By a coarse huswife's sampler fashioning  
 All gentle woofs of loveliness and youth,  
 Forgetting beauty blossoms out of use,  
 Not use from beauty, but from perfect use  
 The perfect flower of beauty crowning all.  
 Ye walk within a garden, and with care

Water your shrubs of hardy sentiment,  
And train your creeping virtues, but ye frown  
If the birds sing too loud, the blossoms scent  
Too richly; ye speak, think, act, live, walk, fight,  
As if the beauteous world wherein ye dwell  
Were leagued against ye, and confederate  
To seize ye as the woman in the Book  
The man of strength, and rob ye of your hair;  
And in the very light of women's eyes  
Ye worthies see no grade between the stare  
Of lawful women sadly giving suck,  
And what, forsooth, ye christen "harlotry."

CHANCELLOR.

A Jeremiad out of Babylon!  
Ades defending Hades! Pardon me;  
Perchance, good sir, the truth hangs midway now  
Between our issues, possibly ye seek  
Mere Art too much, and we too little. Well!  
Let us return—yield the Rhine provinces!

DEPUTY.

What more?

CHANCELLOR.

The rest is easy. These come first.

DEPUTY.

And I have answer'd. It can never be.

CHANCELLOR.

Never? Why, they are ours to have and hold.

DEPUTY.

To take is not to give. We give them not.  
We will appeal to Europe, to the world;  
We will call out with one imploring voice,  
Waking the sleeping Conscience of the earth!

CHANCELLOR.

Call. Scream. Have ye not call'd and screamed?—as loud  
As underneath your sallow Avatar  
We call'd of old?

DEPUTY.

Ye did not call in vain!

CHANCELLOR.

No; for our cause was righteous! Furthermore,  
All backs, like ours, had felt that scourge of God.  
But now 'tis otherwise, for ours, indeed,  
Hath been a peaceful hand, and not a gauge,  
A mailed glove, lying from day to day—  
A grim reminder and a daily threat—  
Unlifted on the council-board of kings.

We play no tyrant, but iconoclast ;  
 And further, let me whisper in thine ear,  
 That were we thrice as bloody as ye deem,  
 The nations are too wise to risk the touch  
 Of that strong hand, which, like Bellerophon's,  
 Hath slain the hugest monster of the time.

DEPUTY.

They will not tamely see so foul a wrong.  
 We will call England—

CHANCELLOR.

Do not waste your breath :  
 England hath pined away into a voice.

DEPUTY.

Italy ! Austria ! Russia ! Shall not God  
 Conjure a soul in one or all of these ?

CHANCELLOR.

Too late. The days of chivalry are o'er.  
 On this side Time there is no hope for France  
 Save swift submission to her certain doom,—  
 Confinement in her mighty prison-house  
 West of the Vosges, o'er whose jagged walls  
 Let her glare thirsty at the flowing Rhine ;  
 Thither, indeed, she comes not anymore  
 In pomp of war or smile of amity.  
 Call ? Let her call till thunder echoes her !  
 But verily, friend, that thunder will be ours,—  
 Such as now beats at yonder City's gates,  
 Startling the timid eyelids of the dawn.  
 See ! Fire and Death fill all the dreadful air.  
 Harken, our guns are serenading now  
 Her who was late the Mistress of the world.  
 Speak ; save her ; save her miserable sons  
 Fighting in vain against the hurricane.  
 No longer dally idly with your doom,  
 As ye were won't to do with women's hair ;  
 Speak, and speak quickly, lest ye wholly die !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I h  
 stor  
 tion  
 a st  
 men  
 had  
 pres  
 wha  
 pass  
 gen  
 than  
 tains  
 the  
 in o  
 F  
 I we  
 days  
 At l  
 essay  
 W  
 tatin  
 me.  
 thou  
 pale  
 vo